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MAY—MOVING.

BY ESTELL LYNN.

Lily—In the sea-chair drooping
By the western window's high
Wedding bow and sweet roaming
Gushes on the robe of bright
Rose—In the garden gayest flower,
Longer still and stouter grown,
Reads the message—Spring is coming—
Mother—must we move in May?"

"Mother, darling, we are going,
You and I, away from here,
Father will not come with us,
Are we going, mother dear?
Shall I wake to see no longer,
Vine-leaf shadows on my bed;
Or, through yonder shabby lattice,
Watch the burning rose-red?

"Never mind the crazy door way,
Mother, for a little while,
Brother Swift; went out from yonder,
And I seem to see his smile,
As he stooped to pass the portal,
With his basket dropping low—
Seem to see and hear the parting,
Mother, bless me ere I go!

"Never mind the little window,
With its cracked and tiny pane—
Through it comes the moonlight softly,
And it keeps out winter rain,
And mother, darling, through its fissure
Comes the sighs and sounds to me
That I love beyond all others—
Of setting sky and sounding sea.

"Hey—I sometimes lily fancy
That my glad Pet will wet fly
Out, and up, to God in Heaven,
Through that window when I die;
Mother, will you follow me, mother—
Let me see you smile—
Sing the hymn I was so darling—
We'll forget the fret of May."

* * * * *

Lily, fair and pale, was lying
In the summer's shadowy light,
But the busy darling swallow
Had no weather of its flight;
A mother hid—a weeping mother—
Hid her face and wept full sore—
For what was Lily, but her angel
Had moved on the first of May.

THE FORTUNES OF CONRAD.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITTANY.

BY ELIZABETH STONE, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRENCH CUR SHAMS YOU WORK.

Prince Bertrand did not stop on his way from the royal chamber. He supposed that Conrad de Nord might be in the palace—perhaps near to the king—but he cared not to see him then. He had another plan in his mind. In the court he found Folco, whom he called apart from the rest of his followers.

"Did Thanmar accompany Sir Phillip to Rennes?" asked the prince.

"He did," replied Folco.

"I think Thanmar is devoted to me."

"You may depend upon him, my lord; I will stake my life."

"I am going to my own apartment. Send Thanmar to me. Convey the order to him in private, and by him make no demonstration of his coming."

Thanmar was a stout, dark-visaged gentleman, who had been recently promoted in the royal corps upon the recommendation of the prince; and when he received the message which Folco brought, he hastened to obey. He found Bertrand alone in a closet adjoined to his bed-chamber; and it was easy to see, from his manner, that he was anxious to please his lord in the throne of Brittany.

"You have ridden far, and you may be seated," said Bertrand, after the usual salutations had been exchanged.

This was an honor, and the guardsman seemed well pleased with it.

"Now, master Thanmar, I wish you to give me your attention." The prince could assume a tone of exceeding frankness when he chose, and in such a tone he now spoke. "It must be evident that are many of the nobles who envy my position—I shall be king of Brittany; and I am sure now estimating the character of those who may be called to serve me in the best offices. When I recommended you to the station you now occupy, I believed that you would honor the office, and be true to its duties. I had no other object in view. I desired that you should become my confidential friend—the routine of the business of the royal guard. Sir Phillip de Savoury is getting old; and, when he shall resign the command, I would have good and efficient men from among whom to call his successor."

Thanmar understood this, and his face glowed with ambitious hope. He was a brave soldier, and had made his mark on more than one battle-field; and he did not think it a great stretch of imagination to fancy himself qualified to fill the office in question.

"My lord," he said, "I already owe you much. You have but to command me."

"I think you are honest."

"Try me. If I fail you, my life is at your disposal."

Bertrand smiled as he replied:

"Your life is too valuable to be thrown carelessly away; so, I pray you, don't fail me. The time will come when I may place my correcting hand upon the most powerful noble in the realm; but at present I am forced to use cautious and circumspective. I have enemies, my good man, and some of them are high in power. They are jealous and uneasy. They see my approaching the throne, and they fear for their safety in the future; and all plots aimed against me will involve my friends in the evil result. But my triumph is as certain as is the coming of another sun; and the only anxiety I have is to punish the evil-doers. You have been to Rennes with Sir Phillip?"

"I have, my lord."

"You know why the captain was sent?"

"I do."

"Were you within earshot when Sir Phillip made known his business to the Constable?"

"I was."

"Then you know what you heard."

"Upon certain instructions spoken, and which took place between the Duke and Sir Phillip."

"Two things are evident," resumed Bertrand, after the greatness had concluded: "Clisson has conceived a friendship for this bold mountaineer; and he also knows where those two old papers are, and means to protect them."

"I should think so," replied Thanmar.

"Perhaps you think something more," suggested the prince, as he noticed a peculiar expression upon the man's face, as though he had some opinions which he found it difficult to contain.

"I do think something more, my lord; but, after all, I may be telling you nothing. Perhaps you know more than I do."

"Explain yourself, Thanmar."

"Does your highness know anything of the mountaineer beyond what appears upon the surface of affairs?"

"If only enough," replied Bertrand, starting with sudden interest. "I know—even I know that he cannot be the simple fortune he professes to be. Now I know nothing. What do you know?"

"I cannot say that I know anything, my lord; though I think I have reason to suspect much. If you will listen to me, I will give you the result of my observations.

"In the first place, said the guardsman, laying his hands together, and speaking very carefully, "when I had word of the capture of the Count, I made up my mind that he was no ordinary man; or, at all events, that he was not a simple mountaineer. His conviction led me to examine him very closely when I saw him, and also to observe very narrowly all that transpired in relation to him. I gained a position near to the captain, and was able to hear much that was evidently not meant to be heard. Clisson was the proud duke so tender of the youth? Why did he allow him to walk in the garden with his daughter?"

"How?" cried the prince. "Allow him wandering alone with the Lady Rosaline?"

"Yes, my lord, I saw it with my own eyes. As we rode into the court, the Count and the Lady Rosaline were walking in the garden."

"By the mass, this is friendship with a vengeance! And I have no doubt that the lady seemed pleased with the company."

"They were like two kindling doves, my lord."

Bertrand ground his teeth, and stamped his foot till the floor shook.

"Go on—go on," he said, as soon as he could control himself. "By the eternal gods! if I do not bring that trifling interloper down! Proceed."

"Why was the proud duke so tender of the youth? Why did he allow him to walk in the garden with his daughter? I asked myself these questions, my lord, and I wanted an answer to them. It was no mere curiosity on my part. Far from it. Had I been alone in the matter, those things would have passed me by in a bit of calm exertion. But I wanted to serve my prince. I knew that Conrad de Nord was your enemy, and I meant, if possible, to know who and what he was. I saw him walk with the old hermit, Francesco, and the woman Morgaretta, were also with them. And I judged that the youth was not their son. This brought me to the idea that there might be some mystery about his birth. Would the proud duke of Rennes suffer his only child to associate on terms of close intimacy with a man of low birth, especially when that man was young, brave, and handsome? It did not seem reasonable. And I continued to watch. By and by the young man came forth, clad in silk and velvet, and his presence was noble and commanding. I saw that Sir Phillip watched him narrowly, and I soon made up my mind that the old captain suspected as well as I did, if not more. We had been on towards home or so, and I was riding close by Sir Phillip's side. Here I soon became fully convinced that the Count was famous, and those were the words:

"'By and by,' said the captain, 'I will speak with the duke. He said, "By your own discretion," and I will exercise it. I can see the Count de Nord was of ill-fortune's birth; that the duke knew it at once; and that Sir Phillip had discovered just enough to fill him with astonishment.'

Bertrand moved not until the guardsman had ceased speaking, and then he leaped from his chair and started across the room. His hands were clenched, his head bent, and his whole frame convulsed. At length he stopped, and gazed into his informant's face.

"Thanmar, have you told me all that you know?"

"I think I have, my lord."

"You are a brave observer."

"I think I can read what is before me," said the man, with modesty.

"Aye," added the prince; "and you can do more. If I am not mistaken, you are the man I need to help me. Adolphe and Goliath are both gone. Adolphe was a faithful friend; and if you will take his place, I shall not fear to trust you."

"Shall I leave the royal guard, my lord?"

"Yes. It will be time that you should remain there. If you have a mind to devote all your energies to my interest, that position will afford you numerous advantages."

"I am at your disposal; and you may trust me fully. You have but to make known your wishes, my lord, and I will do what is in my power."

"I shall trust you, Thanmar; and if you continue to serve me as you have begun, your reward shall be such as a noble might covet. I have one thing further to ask you: Did you hear from what old spot and the women were?"

"No, my lord."

"Or, did you have anything that might lead you to guess from where they came?"

"No, I only heard, by my mind that the duke knew all about them."

"Very well. You may go to your troop, and keep your own counsel. I will see you again, and answer any questions you may ask. If I want you before then, I will send you word. You have told me all that you have said to Sir Phillip. Of course I need not caution you against speaking of the things about which you have been conversing."

"My lord, you are to your promise, or to your orders, I have nothing at all of the things I have spoken."

"Good! I am sure of it. I thank you now, Thanmar, and for the future you may count upon me as a friend."

The guardsman left the room; and when he was gone the prince sank into a chair, and concealed his brow upon his hands. He remained thus for a long time, and then arose, and seemed to pace the floor.

"If I can only find out the duke's fall force," he soliloquized, "I can meet him on even ground. But he must work exactly if he thinks to carry his point. He is my enemy, and will most assuredly fall to my father the end story of my cunning away with his daughter. But what of that? My poor old father will chide me, and there will be an end to that matter, so far as the king is concerned. But Catinie will not be content; and I may count upon the friendship of the Lady Rosaline as just to me. But this new story—by the mass, I must look into that secret. I think I owe him something! I like his bold ways; he rides one of my steeds; he dares his sword even against myself; he knows my secret; he has been in my power—and henceforward his old guardsman is safety; and now to cover to court under the friendship of the powerful duke. By the gods! I must conquer this, or my self respect is gone forever."

He sat down again, and after standing awhile, he grew not thoughtfully and he himself, with his hands laid calculatingly together:

"I will not hurry to make my open declaration against him. If it comes handy, he shall have a sword across his breast. But I will fathom his secret if I can. I will know what it is to be. Blood! I am forced to owe to myself that I fear the young rascal. He has the ring of dagger in him. Already I have too many enemies in Brittany; and, if I would ever sit safely upon the throne, I must not have any more."

When he had thus spoken, he called in an attendant, whom he sent in quest of Folco. The man-at-arms soon presented himself.

"Folco, do you know where the cell of Father Jerome is?"

"Do you mean the old monk, my lord?"

"I do."

"I can find him."

"I want to see him this very night. He is my confessor, Folco; and I have something of the greatest weight upon my mind which I desire that he should know. Tell him to come to me; and, if he is not there, to send word where I may find him. I would see him as soon after dark as possible."

"I will tell him, my lord."

"Do so; and bring me his answer."

Shortly after Folco left, a messenger came from the king, requesting the attendance of the prince in the royal chamber.

Bertrand had expected this; and he was prepared. He found his father alone, with a look of trouble upon his face.

"My son, what is this I hear?"

"If I am to judge from the cloud upon your brow, my noble father, I should say that you had not something that annoyed you supremely."

"Aye, Bertrand,—it is indeed so. What have you been doing?"

"First, my father, tell me what has been said against me?"

Casimir had told to Theobald the story of the duel which he had now done to his neighbor and of the parts which the prince and the young Count Conrad had played in the affair; and this story the king now repeated to his son. The prince listened with surprise to the account of his parent emotion of any kind, and then said:

"I have told you the truth, my father, in every thing; though the impression left upon your mind by the telling has been, I fear, somewhat false. I confess to be carried away. But why? I must not tell you my will. Had not you supposed that I was to have her hand?"

"Aye,—and upon that event I had fixed my brightest hopes of life. But, alas, when I came to ask for your consent, I found that she—I know that she was not herself. Was it natural that you should have left the palace of Rennes to spit upon the son of the king? Was it natural that you should have left the impressions which the duke has given you, I confess that, so far as he has told you, he does not departed much from the truth; but he has not told you all. Where is Conrad de Nord?"

"He is with the duke."

"He is not the city?"

"No. He remains to answer any further comments I may make."

"Very well. Now listen to me, my father: Because I should tell you that this same Conrad de Nord was the accepted lover of the duke's daughter."

"How!" exclaimed the king, with a start.

"I wonder not that you are surprised, sire; but such is the case. And let me tell you something more: This Conrad de Nord is an impostor, a false adventurer. The duke has picked him up, and seems to marry him to his daughter. Have you seen the youth?"

"No,—not yet," replied the king.

"If you do see him, you will behold a young man of bold, commanding presence, such as seldom is found among those who are favorites. With such a tool Catinie thinks to work some subtle end. Suppose his cousin of Anjou should join him in some plot against the throne?"

"Beau—John of Anjou—my friend."

"Aye,—but not now. I tell you, my father, there is something deep in all this."

The poor old king trembled from head to foot. He forgot entirely the tedious upon which he had called his son, this new whisper having filled his soul with alarm. Bertrand knew his weakness, and knew just how to play upon them.

"I do not think Catinie would plot against me."

"Yet if he plotting could place his blood upon the throne?"

"My son!"

"Courage, sire. Leave this in my hands. I was just commencing the work of investigation when you messenger found me. I may be in error. I hope I am. But I will not be long in error. With the greatest force dare to wield to effect this matter."

The king was weak, and the prince was strong; and the speaking old monarch was easily persuaded to give up to his son.

"Until you hear from me again upon this matter," suggested Bertrand, "I would by no means suffer the duke to approach you. However, in this you will act your own pleasure. I only ask to act completely that you will be cautious how you trust him."

"I shall not see him," replied Theobald, with a shiver. "I do not desire to see the man who to see him; and if he is truly my friend, he will not be angry with me when he knows all. I did not see him until I hear from you again."

Bertrand went away with a look of triumph upon his face.

So and by the page brought up bread and goat's milk for supper. The king called his dogs, and fed them; and when, after the meal was done, the animal skipped up upon the bed, the poor old man did not drive it away.

CHAPTER XVII.

WEAVING THE NET.

It was nearly dark when the prince returned to his own apartments, and he found Folco there waiting for him, with the information that Father Jerome would come to the palace at nine o'clock. Bertrand cut his supper, and then sat down to give some directions to his man-at-arms. At the appointed hour Father Jerome came.

Jerome was a member of the order of St. Benedict, and was somewhat above the middle age; of medium height, and tending to corpulency. He was a native of Brittany, and knew of that period were corpulent; nor can we swear that Father Jerome was a saint. But then we must put him down as we find him,—and we find him a man with a marked corpulency of body. The superintendence of flesh may have been the result of his strict and regular mode of diet; and, for ought we know to the contrary, what may have been a stranger to the use of the present evening; but it was to be a stranger no longer. He was of the first offering at the prince's hospitality was wine, and Father Jerome drank a full cup of the rich juice. It was though he was used to it. The monk had a small, dark, keen eye, a large nose, and a large mouth, with fine thicker than a sculptor would have given to the face of a hero; and when he drank his wine he smacked his lips, and wished his bright little eye.

"Father Jerome," said the prince, "I know you are trustworthy."

The Benedictine sipped from his second measure of wine, and winked again.

"I suppose you think you know me?" persisted Bertrand.

"Thou art Bertrand, the son of Theobald," answered the monk, with much gravity.

"And do you not believe that I shall be king of Brittany?"

"Aye—verily I do."

"To change a good father, that I shall be king; and when I am king, I mean to hold the scourge in my own hand."

"You will have that right, my son."

"And I will use it unsparingly."

"You would not be king if you did not."

"Then all is right."

The prince arose and went to the door, and looked out into the hall.

"I know you, Father Jerome; and I am going to be perfectly frank with you. I want you to help me. I want you to help me in a matter which I will help you."

The monk said and felt, my son," returned the monk.

"Perhaps," resumed the prince, who felt sure that he knew his man, "there may be something over and above the will to help me. If you help me, I shall help you; and, if we can agree upon the terms, the pope might be so well fixed now as at any time. I can tell you exactly what I wish you to do for me. Can you do this same?"

The Benedictine smiled, and winked, and rubbed his hands.

"Speak, my son; I should like very much," he said.

"What is it?"

"I should like to be Abbott of Saint Ambro."

"Father Jerome, help me in my undertaking, and when I am king you shall be Abbott of Saint Ambro."

"Do you promise that?" cried the monk, with a start of glad surprise.

"I do, upon my knightly word."

"My lord, I will help you if I can. We understand each other."

There was no mistaking the meaning of the Benedictine. He wished to be Abbott of Saint

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Ardsen; and to reach that position he would do anything which the prince would dare to ask.

"What am I to do?" he asked, after the prince had gone once more to the door and returned.

"I will tell you in an direct a manner as possible," said Bertrand, drawing his chair up in front of his visitor. Here you yet heard of the young mountaineer called Conrad de Nord?"

"No, my sire."

"Then I must tell you of him. He has been reared in the Nord Mountains, by an old woman named Marguerite, who has passed for his mother. Closely by this old, it is probable here, has lived an old man of the name of Francesco, who left possession of a hermit, and who has been the mother's father. This Francesco, it is now seems, was once a soldier, and he has made his home in the Nord Mountains in Bretigny. Circumstances which I need not now stop to relate have brought this pair across my path, and it is not impossible that he may become dangerous to me. The same circumstances which brought him across my path introduced him to the Duke of Rennes; and the duke has conceived a wonderful friendship for him. There is some mystery about this Conrad de Nord, and I think the duke has some clue. In fact, I know it must be so. Conrad has been heard to speak words which directly proved it. And, furthermore, he has allowed the adventurer to make love to his daughter."

"Are you sure of all that you have told me?" asked Jerome.

"Yes, father."

"Even to the love affair between this youth and the lady Blanche?"

"Yes."

"How old is this Conrad de Nord?"

"I should think not far from my own age; younger, if anything."

"He has my one else seen him, besides the duke, to be struck by his appearance?"

"Yes. Sir Philip de Sawray."

"And what has Sir Philip discovered?"

"He has discovered that the youth's features are remarkably like those of some friend when he knew years ago here."

"How looks the boy?"

"He is tall and well-formed; with mighty power of limb; he has light hair, and large, nervous eyes; and his presence is lofty and commanding."

"Can you tell me anything more?"

"I can think of nothing."

"Where is he now?"

"In Vannes. The duke has brought him thither."

The monk was deeply interested. He closed his eyes, and pressed his fingers upon his brow.

"My son," he at length said, "I think you have hit upon some one who may help you. Somewhere over a score of years ago—I cannot now tell exactly—I had a friend disappeared from Vannes. The circumstance which you have related would seem exactly to apply to the child I speak of. If I am right, the duke must be aiding very powerfully in secret the blessed under to arrest."

"What is it?" asked Bertrand, eagerly. "What was this child?"

The monk appeared not to notice the question. He remained some time in deep thought, and then said, as though he had made a decision:

"I do not think I am mistaken. But I must see this woman called Marguerite, and what you have spoken. Where is she?"

"I cannot tell you. I think, however, that she is somewhere near Rennes."

"What makes you think so?"

"Both she and the old hermit went to Rennes with their package; the youth came and said they went on."

The monk nodded his head half a dozen times, and loudly said:

"I can see the whole affair clear. Time. There are at the Abbey of Saint Aubin. My word for it, you will the wound and the duke. Old Dagobert, the abbott, is her uncle. Help her to go to the Abbey of Saint Aubin, and I will set out at once."

"But, good father, you have not told me what you have discovered. I am all anxiety. Who was the child you speak of?"

The Benedictine shook his head.

"My son, you must excuse me for too-closely. The secret of that child's life is, for the present, under the lock of my religious oath. Mademoiselle be summoned, and, if it is proved that this child and Conrad de Nord are one and the same person, and if it be also proved that the child has grown up to be the acknowledged of prince, then I will let out the secret and save you."

"Save me?"

"Assure me serve you, as you please; for, if it be so I think it is, your enemy is reading on to his own destruction. One word of mine will bring him to the scaffold."

"Are you speaking riddles?" demanded the prince, pressing the monk's arm.

My words are words of solemn truth," replied Jerome, earnestly.

And could this fellow wield any power in Brittany if he joined the party that he which he was born?"

"Not alone. Designing men might make a tool of him—that is all."

"It is so at I thought.

"But," pursued the monk, "if you are jealous, you have not the child life," answered Jerome, without waiting for the conclusion of the question.

"And if this mountaineer should not prove to be the child—"

"My meaning who he is might not help you."

"One thing further I will ask of you, good father. If not this child, can there be any possible danger to me through him?"

"Yes," replied the monk, emphatically. "He may prove to be a most powerful enemy. It is not impossible that the duke may hold a suspicion of some truth which I cannot reach, and each should prove to be the case, you may have something to contend with; and I may never join the cause and receive of Saint Aubin. But bring the woman. Let us question her first."

"No more, my son. I know what you would say; and I will answer you without putting you to the trouble of framing speech. The path is before you; a true has shown across the way. We will remove the obstacle if we can. Should it prove too many for that, you must cut your way through it."

"Thank you, father."

"You are not indebted to me yet. Wait. When you have found the woman and me."

The monk drank another measure of wine, and then departed; and as he went out, Polina came in.

"Paine," cried the prince, "who of all my followers is best fitted to take Adolphe's place?"

"I should say, my lord, that you have a man in your service who is better than Adolphe ever was," answer Monsieur Paine.

"By my life, I believe you are right. Why have I never thought of him before? Send him to me at once."

Paine went out, and ere long afterwards Maurice presented himself. He was a middle-aged man, of medium size; with a mild expression upon his well-shaven features; and very quiet and modest in deportment. If Bertrand had not known that he was a man of courage and valor, he would have been inclined to doubt his courage.

"Maurice, have you heard the story of Conrad de Nord?"

"I have, my lord, in part."

"Have you heard mention made of Marguerite and Francesco?"

"Do you mean the two old people whom Bernardo was sent to apprehend?"

"The same."

"I have heard of them."

"Do you know where the Abbey of Saint Aubin is?"

"I know it very well, my lord. I was reared in the neighborhood of Dol."

"Good!—Now mark me: I think Francesco and Marguerite are at the Abbey. I have sent for Marguerite in this very room as quickly as possible."

"And Francesco?"

"I want nothing to do with him at present. The woman must be brought alone, and privately."

"My lord, if she is at the abbey, and is well, I will bring her to you."

"When can you do it?"

"My absence to Saint Aubin is a good story league," said Maurice, calculatingly. "I can change horses at Rennes, and by that time I will take me there, with something to spare. If I start soon, I may be back before night or to-morrow. A few hours rest, and I shall be ready for work. Or I could travel more slowly, if we love the woman; but I think I can bring her to you in three sometimes during the day after to-morrow."

"How many men do you want?"

"Not more than three."

"Will two suffice?"

"Yes."

"Then go and choose and while the horses are being prepared, do you come back here. I would speak with you again."

In less than half an hour Maurice came back, and reported that he was ready to set out. The two gave him many particular instructions, and finally dismissed him upon his mission.

Now, Paine," said the prince, "I have work for you. Sit down and write."

Paine sat down, and, at his order, wrote a startling message to the duke.

"Now, Paine, read it," he said, casting a searching glance over the duke.

Paine read it in a very excellent command.

"Is it well done?"

"I merely judge from his earnest manner in which I have listened to him. He is a most expected, when I bring my voice, to find a small boy of twelve years."

He takes me for one forced friend of the duke's," said the prince, "and he is afraid of what he considers my good fortune." Then he said aloud to Paine:

"You will excuse me, sir, I am in haste."

"It is pardonable," said Paine. Do not give a friend of the duke a shoulder in that fashion. Let me see—what was the name? If he did not know me, I would—"

"Good mercy, sir, I pray you, young sir, don't leave me in this way!" cried the messenger in a dangerous thing! In the section I came from the duke was not to be trifled with lightly, and surely I should a is brute to urge you to such a thing! Let me see the letter, I implore of you! What a ridiculous thing it would be!"

"I can do as I please," replied the cavalier, stepping forward a pace. "Whatever I promise my lord, my lord will keep."

"So it would," assented the man-at-arms, looking wistfully at the letter, which was in the hand of his master.

"Good mercy, sir, the laws of Brittany were not so strict as that."

"Oh, yes, they were—they are very strict about killing unoffending citizens."

"Unoffending citizens! Good, sir!"

"Don't you? I think it is plain enough, and I am sure you understand it."

With pleasure. If I have a battle with a knight," pursued the prince, "I have no objection to voluntarily places it at the point of my sword. But if I have an encounter with a fellow-creature who is wholly unable to defend himself, I consider that I have committed a murder. Do then take up with me? Do you understand me?"

"I understand that you are trifling."

"Not at all."

"I think you are trifling with me. If you are not, I am sure you will not leave me to myself."

"Mercy! Cannot one leave a man to himself of good-natured, unoffending citizen? Look to it, my fair young master, or I may think that you are trifling with me."

"If you pass on I shall positively not insult you," said the prince. "There is no danger at all in that."

Bertrand turned, and would have walked away but the interloper stepped quickly forward, and put his hand upon his arm.

"Perhaps you mean therefor an insult," he said.

"What?"

"I take out turning away from the without answering my question, sir."

"Good!" cried out Paine, shaking the hand from his arm, and drawing his sword. "Now, sir, you are approaching dangerously near to me. Will you be so kind as to tell me your business, or not to see you again. I select my own time and place for fighting, and I will not be coaxed. Leave me!"

The man was bewildered, my boy. I will have to give you a lesson in manners."

"Sir, I do not give lessons. I am a lesson of a stirrup character," said Conrad, shutting his sword. "Good-morning."

"Ah!—are you there Do you mean that you would come across me?"

There could be no more doubt touching the man's character and intentions. He was a bully, a coward, and he looked for his opportunity to escape.

"Sir, I am at your service, speaking almost in whisper, "if you seek a quarrel with me. You will be accommodated. You find me alone. Are you engaged with any one? Shall I wait for you on and all may be well. I would have no further words with you."

"No! I would have further words with you!" exclaimed the ruffian, again seizing the youth by the arm, and twisting him around. "Come, Michael! I am not to be insulted in this way, though you be a favorite of some proud noble! Well! see if your sword is as nimble as your tongue. If you are not a coward, defend yourself!"

The young mountaineer made no effort to contain himself further. He drew his sword, and placed himself on his guard. The man-at-arms' object was now very evident; for the ready manner in which he made the attack showed that such had been his plan from the first. Conrad saw at once that he was convinced that the prince was at the bottom of the scheme.

"Remember," said the assailant, as he threw his left hand behind him, "this is no child's play. The sand at our feet is bloody for blood. Is it," responded Conrad.

The swords were crossed; and for some moments the parties were simply of practice. Directly, however, the soldier made a furious lunge, and the combat was fairly changed place.

"Sdeath! your sword is a stout one."

"Yes," replied Conrad, coolly and significantly.

"Then do not blunt," said the man-at-arms, as he made two or three rapid passes. But his very words betrayed his anxiety, and the look of easy assurance which had rested upon his face gave place to an expression of earnest concern. He found the point of the opposing sword very difficult to meet, and its graceful and lively were becoming painfully real. He tried all the feints, and they failed. Then he tried the strength of his opponent's wrist; and that trial was his last. His sword became hopelessly entangled, and he cried out for help. He did not ask for mercy at the hands of his antagonist; but he called for help, as though he had friends at hand. But he had delayed too long to save himself. The point of his own sword was borne down till it touched the sand; and before he could recover it he was pierced to the heart.

But what had that cry for help meant? As the duke rode with a dash upon the scene, from his sword he started back and looked around him in fear. Conrad, coming up from behind a pile of great rocks, five sound men, old and young, lying bound and gagged, and bleeding upon the sand.

"Ah, my treasure!" exclaimed their leader, rushing forward with his sword drawn. "By the great God!—what has been done?"

Conrad unfastened the whole plot, as though he had been the duke's own son, and he had framed it. He knew that these were enemies of the duke, and that his life was forfeited. Against those five stout men-at-arms he could not have successfully contended; but he was determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Close behind him were two huge rocks, with a space between them sufficient for his standing. He placed himself in the space with his back, and then turned upon the approaching foe.

"Hold, sir!" he cried, brandishing himself firmly on his guard. "You have no cause for war with me."

Say ye so," returned the leader of the gang, who was none other than Pistou. "You do not slain our comrade?"

"Down with him!" called a powerful fellow, who stood by Pistou's side. "By Saint Paul! I will have his heart from my blade. Let me at him!"

The fellow moved a step away, and allowed the eager man to rush on. It was plainly seen that the latter's fury could engage the youth at the same time, and Pistou seemed willing that his stout follower should do the fighting.

Conrad was not at all moved by the coming of the ruffians, during follow. The rascal was large of frame, and must have possessed immense physical strength; but he was with too much confidence, as though simple brute force was to be overcome by science. The contest was soon between the two cocks; and, with a cure of vengeance, he battle the bellowing of a bull, he raised his sword and aimed a furious blow at his opponent's head. Conrad avoided it by quick direction of the ponderous blade; for, upon the head of the assailant, there was no protection whatever. A very slight movement on his part would have brought down the point upon the rocks; and from that moment he led the attack. The duke was wounded; his sword dropped from his hand; but before he could withdraw himself from the attack and be free to assist his plunged, the terminable blade of the mountaineer was buried in the throat of his foe, and he fell dead at the entrance of the passage.

Conrad was then disconcerted that the man whom the prince so much feared was not an enemy to the duke, and that his quarrel with him he permitted another attack, he stepped to make sure of his victory.

"We have him now," he cried, darting back from the passage, and pointing to the bodies of the others. "Pierre and Lucrede, do you go around! Jean, and attack the rascal in the rear. By Jupiter! we have him now in his own trap!"

Conrad was astonished at the skill of the fellow; for surely his fate was sealed if the murderous plan could be carried out. Again and again he parried both hands, in such a place as that, it would be impossible to be touched. But he was in danger of rushing out to attack the two in front before the others could get around to the rear of the rocks, when a new party appeared upon the scene.

"Never mind," said the latter, as the sight of reinforcements revealed itself. "Let them go. We know from whom they came, and we will be prepared to meet them in future fortune. The duke was right in sending me down here."

Did he send you?"

"Yes, he did," said the at the garden gate. He was going in, and I was going out. He said he would get me about the enemy the sea, and told me to come down and keep you company. And, by Saint Paul, I think I have done it. The murderous rascals had planned a sure thing."

"Then you are not my enemy?" asked Conrad.

"How? Do you imagine you could have withstood such odds? That is a little too much."

"Ah, my good captain, I should not have given them that opportunity. When I saw those who were to have attacked me in the rear disappear, I had but one chance left, so let the enemy have concerned, and I made that chance I was about to try when you appeared. I meant to rush out upon the two who remained in front, and press them with all my might, hoping to overcome them before the others could come to their assistance. However, I am very thankful that you arrived on the ground, for I might have failed."

"By the Holy Cross!" cried Nicolas, striking his breast, "I almost what I had left you to the work; for, upon my soul, I think you would have conquered them."

"It is better so it is," said Conrad. "I have shed blood enough."

By Saint Michael! if the prince follows you much more, his pride! legion will be materially thinned. But come—let us go to the house. We will send down some of the servants to take care of these dead men."

There has been an arrival from Rennes I remarked our host, as they walked along. He intended to have spoken very unconcernedly; but this was a strange flutter in his voice.

"Yes," replied Nicolas; "an advance courier from the uncle of the Lady Blanche."

"Ah; is she on her way to this place?"

"Yes. She has been for a few days. She was lonesome at the castle, after her father had gone very long time."

The captain looked into Conrad's face as he spoke, and then flushed.

"His will be here this evening—at least two days earlier than we had expected upon."

The stout officer would have spoken further, but his companion had become suddenly thoughtful and abstracted, and he chose not to disturb the current of his reflections.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE TRIAL OF BAXTER.

The trial of Baxter, the celebrated Non-conformist, presents an admirable specimen of the fashion in which a criminal case was conducted under those despotic governments in the year 1685. When the trial came on, a crowd of the nobility, lord and knight, and baronet filled the court. Two whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen was the leader. He had been heard to say, when the chief justice broke forth: "Pollexfen, I know what you are driving at, but you shall not. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old cause, and therefore I will not be disappointed of victim. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book;" and then his leadership turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began his prayer. Such was his imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's manner. "Lord, we are here to plead, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen was interrupted by the cries from the bar against his and thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. "Hold, sir," said the chief justice; "hold, sir!" Jeffreys, "that he did not take it!" His fury was now roused to the highest pitch. "Hold, sir, I say, and swear that it would be no more than justice to hang a villain through the whole city." Baxter himself attempted to put in a word; but the chief justice frowned at the impertinence in a torrent of villainy and invective, mingled with the grossest ribaldry. "My lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for having accepted a bishopric." "Baxter for bishops," cried the judge, "that's a merry conceit indeed! I have seen many a jury for bishops; rascals, like yourself, Kidderminster rascals, but never bishops." Again Baxter endeavored to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed: "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee preach thy cursed cant here? We have had enough of it. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every one of them as full of sedition as egg is full of meat. By the grass of God, Richard, if thou hast but a grain of sense left, a brotherhood walking to know what will befall their neighbor, thou hast by the mass, Richard! All mighty, I will crush you all!" The noise of the judge's voice was overpowered by the noise of the rounded Baxter. "Swivelling cuives!" said the judge.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

The Statute of Enclosures, 1773, by Act of Parliament, c. 9, 1860, during which some 13,000 houses, etc., were built on Crown lands, was largely influenced all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of the various properties were appropriated by buildings, previously to this twelve years' period. Disputes arose between crown and the land owners, the disputes and entangled claims were referred to the Court of Chancery, both as to the position and extent of their property, and the question of compensation in proportion to the courts of law, but made the for more than a century after the Statute of Enclosures, until three disputes were settled, inevitably, and the land was the necessity of which is more especially settlement of their respective claims than the Statute of Enclosures, and even then were often compelled by buildings, previously to their terrible fire of London, to perform partial settlements, and the land ensued, the disputes and entangled claims of the various owners of the land were developed

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

YOU AND I.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Hope's sun on you is shining bright,
You raise your Genghis above,
You now are dreaming your first dream
Of pure and holy love.
But I—well, I—but pass upon
The sad, eventful past;
Let me forget the dreams of love,
But, no, it was the last.

You watch for one, and yet will tread
The path of life with you.
All fears you now confide in—dream
Of hopes you view.
But I, yes, I—but pass upon
Much that I fared so well.
Her lips shall never again press mine,
Death sung her funeral knell.

Your steps are strewn a flowery path,
Where'er in life you go;
Your rainbow shines through drops of hope,
And wins through drops of woe.
You mingle in the festive scenes
Of fashion and of mirth,
While I, a lone and wretched man,
In anguish walk the earth.

Your dreams at night are beautiful,
And when the day returns,
Each vision and their memories
Within your bosom burns;
But I, alas, evil visions have,
Which rack me life through;
I feel, I know that I have woke,
To dream, alas! no more.

Your light is full of future hopes,
Which yet are all mine;
Mine is a sepulchre of those
Which doomed within me died.
The wings of Faith, and Trust, and Love,
Are o'er your pinions spread;
While, like the froth of the dead Sea,
Mine lay in ashes—dead.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROISM.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Men have been immortalized for dying on the battle-field in some desperate action where their personal valor became conspicuous, or where an apparent defeat into an important victory, and though their courage was displaying all the while it received, yet the glorious meed of having their name sung in after years by those thousands who have gone down to an unhonored grave without a record of a single one of their many heroic deeds and noble self-sacrifices. It takes more true courage to be a martyr to duty—husband, father, son, or brother, attested only by a high sense of duty to his country—to keep himself from the embrace of a weeping wife, child, mother, or sister, and go forth to the tented field, than it does to charge a belching battery amid the rattling roar and carnage of battle.

And what of the courage and sacrifice of the loving wife and mother, who, with the same high sense of duty, bids him she idolizes, who is as much a part of herself as the very blood in her veins, and leave her to weep and mourn for him as one we may never look upon again—to pass long, weary days of agonizing suspense, and nights of starting, feverish dreams, and then on to struggle with poverty, and suffer with sickness and privation, or meet death's cold embrace, of his absence, whose fires are dearer to her than her own? Who of her acquaintance would refuse, we say? He has gone to the altering life of the camp, the frosty and the sun-field, where the daily excitements of a soldier's life may give him no rest to his aching heart, the thoughts and thoughts from which he has left behind; but she must remain in the midst of the same scenes, and surroundings, where the darkness of desolation—nothing but the secret conviction that the sacrifice was needful and Heaven approves.

This was the heroism of the men and women of the Revolution; stifling the heroism of the men and women of to-day as well as the many who live and suffer, should console themselves with the certainty that Eternal Justice does not sleep and that the reward of virtue will be as sure and as true to eternity if not in time.

But the heroism of the women of the Revolution was not always exhibited in a passive manner. Besides having to bear the ills of which we have supposition—to struggle on in grief and poverty, thankful if they could keep a roof over their heads and starvation from their doors—they were sometimes compelled to be up and doing, many for which they were not fitted by either nature or circumstances—to battle in the cause of the stronger sex, and defend themselves against midnight robbers and assassins.

Whenever an invading army is encamped in the country of an enemy, the inhabitants for miles around are never secure in either property or life. Tithes, contributions, and foraging parties, are more or less shrewd in every direction, to say nothing of the depredations of rebels and murderers, who follow an army as vultures do the battle, or jackals the lion, to prey upon whatever they can with impunity. During the war of the Revolution, the Tories—those base marauders because very treacherous in some sections of the country, and the most unnatural wars, between the lines of the two armies, often suffered nearly as little and frequently as much as even the head of the family being away with the army, the only inmates of the house females or more women, with perhaps a few children, too young to afford their mother any assistance in the event of an attack; and such defenceless places the cowardly marauders delighted to visit, plunder and burn in the dead of night, not unfrequently murdering in cold blood the entire household, or adding such foul deeds to their black list of crimes as we care not to relate.

In a rather lonely part of the country, a few miles removed from Philadelphia, at the time the British took possession of the city, there stood a solitary dwelling, occupied by a Mrs. Parker, a maiden elder than herself, and two children of tender years, the husband and father being in the army under General Washington. The small farm, owned by her husband, was all the latter had to depend upon for a living; and this, during his absence, was carried on by herself and sister, both assisted in the fields at plowing, planting and hoeing, and only getting a visit help for a few days in haying. Neither Mrs. Parker, nor her sister, Miss Pitts, was at all delicate in person or strength—but, on the contrary, quite strong and robust—and their only fears, of course, increased from their masculineness in sound degree. Nor were they so timid as the greater portion of their sex; but when they found the enemy near them, and heard of the depredations and barbarities of here and there a roving band of villains, they climbed their beds, set their teeth hard, and said it was well the scoundrels did not have two such persons as themselves to deal with. It might

assuredly have been sashed what two women—ay, or for that matter, two men either—could do to protect themselves against a party of ten or twenty armed desperadoes; but, as we could answer the question to-day by telling what they did do under just such circumstances, we will proceed to state the facts that we wish to make known.

As one means of protection, and also to destroy any game, licentiousness or otherwise, that might chance in their way, a loaded rifle was always kept in the house, and this weapon each of the sisters had learned to handle with nearly as much skill as the master of the house could. In order, too, that there might never be any lack of ammunition, Parker, before leaving for the war, had purchased a keg of powder in the city, and stored it in the cellar, in a little cell prepared expressly for it, where it was kept perfectly dry, and with little or no danger to the inmates.

Now, one dark night, at a late hour, the sisters were aroused from sleep by a rapid succession of thundering blows upon one of the front doors of their dwelling, and they also heard several gruff voices ripping out the most obscenities in oaths and demanding instant admittance.

"Sally," said Mrs. Parker, starting up in bed, "it's them confounded red-coats, come to try their hand on us."

"Just so, Nancy," replied Miss Price, springing out of bed and hurrying on some of her clothes, "and you know what we are to do—we'll do to case they did come!"

"It's well enough to do it!" returned the other, in a tone of considerable alarm and disfury, as she hastened to follow the example of her sister. "Oh, my poor dear children! if we should fail, what'd become of them?"

"Dis, I 'spose, like we will," said their maiden aunt. "But it won't do to fail since you've got us in talking—we've got to act—and that, too, before the scoundrels break in. I'll go and open the door, and keep 'em from breaking in if I can, while you get the rifle ready, powder!"

"Will we need a light?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"Yes, but I'll need to have you and Sally stay to get the powder with, 'cause it aint ourselves enough to see to both."

With this both hurried out of their bed-room into a large apartment, which occupied nearly all the whole of the front side of the dwelling, and served as a sitting-room, dining-room, and sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen. From this apartments a door led directly outside, and into the cellar, and a third into a wing of small dimensions, which was used for sleeping over the main building, and was principally occupied by a kind of workshop and store-room.

"Who's there? and what do you want?" screamed out Miss Price, as soon as she reached the kitchen, while her sister hastened down the cellar stairs to get the powder.

"Open the door, you angel, and we'll tell you," was answered from the outside, accompanied with a laugh that was nothing short of a sneer.

"Well, you ought to tell us who you are and what you want since we open the door, 'cause we're only two, poor women, and you're a dozen to let everybody in at this time of night," replied Miss Price, as she heard Sally coming up the cellar.

"Oh, we're real gentlemen, we is—just the kind to suit two such ladies as you," said the first speaker. "Come, open the door, you old fool, 'cause we're getting tired of waiting, and some on us might take a notion to blow through, if you don't!"

"Oh, my poor children! God help us all!" said Mrs. Parker, in a low, tremulous voice.

It will all depend upon one single shot, Nancy," returned her sister, with compressed lips and an ungualling air that was meant to be a bold one for courage, between the larger and smaller portion of her self, "if we're not safe while the blunderbuss is loaded. I don't hardly 'spect I'll live through it, whether we're successful or not," she added, solemnly; "so just kiss me good-bye, Nancy."

The sisters now embraced, Mrs. Parker giving way to tears and sobs, but Miss Price remaining firm and outwardly composed.

"There, Nancy," she said, when the latter ceased, "you know my directions about some of the ordinary affairs of life, in case anything of us we can be, I s'pose—so just run and shove back the bolts of the cellar-door, and then I'll say notes about it, and then hurry into the bedroom, for you must keep out of sight as much as you can. If God is pleased to smile upon our hopes, you and they most likely will be safe; but if not, we'll die side by side, and then we'll be together!"

"Oh, that's nothing, Nancy. I've got to die some time, and I'm willing to—only prepared except for you and the little dears, and you can often help me for me and them. Now, open the door, William, that should have been mine, he's in Heaven, you know, and I'm on earth, so I shall meet him again. But, come! come! there aint no more time to talk—for some more of the scoundrels is trying to break down the door."

This was literally true, the fellows having become really impatient at the delay of those inside to throw open the door, and were now in the act of battering it down, and loudly cursing and swearing as each successive blow fell.

Accordingly, Mrs. Parker hastened to undo the bolts of the wing-door, while her sister, whose the assailants had not touched, and when she had done so, and returned, her sister was kneeling before the chair in the bedroom, with her head and hands buried in the bed.

"Go, Nancy—go—and God bless you!" said the latter, without looking up, as the elder, as she again kissed her and hurried out of the room in which her innocent children were still sleeping, undisturbed by the noise of the approaching danger.

"Hallos outside there!" now called out Miss Price, in a loud tone; "what are you trying to do?"

"Break in, you — — — old witch!" cried one of the rabble.

"Well, can't you wait for me to open the door?"

"Not unless your — — quick about it!"

"Well, I can't get into a hurry much, but I'other one's all right; come in that way, will you?"

The parleying ceased, and a moment after a voice exclaimed, "Ah! here we are!" and as the door swung back a dozen men came crowding into the room.

The foremost had just barely got a glimpse of our heroine, sighting her rifle, and was in the act of springing aside to escape being shot, when she fired the whole charge directly into the keg of powder, which instantly exploded with a frightful report, tearing the wing all to pieces, considerably shattering the main building, and killing ten of the fifteen midnight marauders—blowing limbs, legs, arms and bodies in every direction. Of the five that now remained alive two were wounded, and all so terribly frightened as to think nothing of so much insurrection as a horrid fight from the scene of the disaster.

The noise and confusion aroused the sisters back across the kitchen, but fortunately was not killed, though seriously injured. Her sister found her in the darkness and confusion, by her groans, and dragged her out into the yard, where that she finally recovered.

The pursuit was kept up for miles around; and the next day the news flew in all directions that the fiend Parker and wife were gathered at the farm, besides a small body of American troopers, all of whom assisted in collecting and burying the dead villains, standing away the rubbish, and putting things to rights as comfortably as shape as possible for the sisters, who had received a terrible shock.

On being questioned as to why she did not give the alarm by firing a couple of shooting into it, Miss Price replied, that she thought it might did, and she preferred risking her life to that of her children, if the fiends broke in and the children.

Certain it is heroism had many parallels during the war of the Revolution.

ONE KIND OF EMBEZZLEMENT.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

John Perkins and the Tower were walking in company. It was morning, and they were on their way to the store. The sun was shining on man—perhaps right on Tower; and Tower was looking very pleasant.

"Ah," said Perkins, in a tone of fretfulness, which was not common with him, "I'm glad it's Monday morning."

"Why, Mr. Perkins, you love his me in a most unfortunate time," replied John Perkins, looking up in the face of his companion.

"I am sorry, sir," said the laboring man. "I'll do all I can to make it up to you in the money very much. If I can only continue to have me a part of it—"

"No, no—hold on a few days, Matthew, and passed with a laugh that was neither loud nor hearty.

"Well, you ought to tell us who you are and what you want since we open the door, 'cause we're only two, poor women, and you're a dozen to let everybody in at this time of night," replied Miss Price, as she heard Sally coming up the cellar.

"Oh, we're real gentlemen, we is—just the kind to suit two such ladies as you," said the first speaker. "Come, open the door, you old fool, 'cause we're getting tired of waiting, and some on us might take a notion to blow through, if you don't!"

"Oh, my poor children! God help us all!" said Mrs. Parker, in a low, tremulous voice.

"It will all depend upon one single shot, Nancy," returned her sister, with compressed lips and an ungualling air that was meant to be a bold one for courage, between the larger and smaller portion of her self, "if we're not safe while the blunderbuss is loaded. I don't hardly 'spect I'll live through it, whether we're successful or not," she added, solemnly; "so just kiss me good-bye, Nancy."

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"Oh, my poor children! God help us all!" said Mrs. Parker, in a low, tremulous voice.

"It will all depend upon one single shot, Nancy," returned her sister, with compressed lips and an ungualling air that was meant to be a bold one for courage, between the larger and smaller portion of her self, "if we're not safe while the blunderbuss is loaded. I don't hardly 'spect I'll live through it, whether we're successful or not," she added, solemnly; "so just kiss me good-bye, Nancy."

The sisters now embraced, Mrs. Parker giving way to tears and sobs, but Miss Price remaining firm and outwardly composed.

"There, Nancy," she said, when the latter ceased, "you know my directions about some of the ordinary affairs of life, in case anything of us we can be, I s'pose—so just run and shove back the bolts of the cellar-door, and then I'll say notes about it, and then hurry into the bedroom, for you must keep out of sight as much as you can. If God is pleased to smile upon our hopes, you and they most likely will be safe; but if not, we'll die side by side, and then we'll be together!"

"Oh, that's nothing, Nancy. I've got to die some time, and I'm willing to—only prepared except for you and the little dears, and you can often help me for me and them. Now, open the door, William, that should have been mine, he's in Heaven, you know, and I'm on earth, so I shall meet him again. But, come! come! there aint no more time to talk—for some more of the scoundrels is trying to break down the door."

This was literally true, the fellows having become really impatient at the delay of those inside to throw open the door, and were now in the act of battering it down, and loudly cursing and swearing as each successive blow fell.

Accordingly, Mrs. Parker hastened to undo the bolts of the wing-door, while her sister, whose the assailants had not touched, and when she had done so, and returned, her sister was kneeling before the chair in the bedroom, with her head and hands buried in the bed.

"Go, Nancy—go—and God bless you!" said the latter, without looking up, as the elder, as she again kissed her and hurried out of the room in which her innocent children were still sleeping, undisturbed by the noise of the approaching danger.

"Hallos outside there!" now called out Miss Price, in a loud tone; "what are you trying to do?"

"Break in, you — — — old witch!" cried one of the rabble.

"Well, can't you wait for me to open the door?"

"Not unless your — — quick about it!"

"Well, I can't get into a hurry much, but I'other one's all right; come in that way, will you?"

The parleying ceased, and a moment after a voice exclaimed, "Ah! here we are!" and as the door swung back a dozen men came crowding into the room.

The foremost had just barely got a glimpse of our heroine, sighting her rifle, and was in the act of springing aside to escape being shot, when she fired the whole charge directly into the keg of powder, which instantly exploded with a frightful report, tearing the wing all to pieces,

WIT AND WISDOM.

DOUBLE EXTRACTS—PAST AND PRESENT FOR THE LEDGER
BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. This all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end.

Many people fail to accept on a human mind. In nature every moment is new; the past is always dead and forgotten, the present arising out of the new.

Where a strong brain is weighted with a true heart, it seems like balancing a lighthouse on the top of a mast.

The philosopher trains his track by observation; the man of action and the wild goose trims to an inner sense.

It takes a very true man to be a fitting companion for a woman of genius, but not a very great one.

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a score of easy patriots.

The upon carvings of an American mother are the only records of her history where she is to be read.

If God bestows upon you the terrible gift of genius, except it thankfully, but with fear and trembling.

The world's experience preaches in vain, every man thinking himself an exception to all general rules.

Many women think of nothing but dress. To them the human is but the human as models of dress.

Ballads blessed when he wanted to curse, and sometimes address poems when they think they sneer.

There is a pity that a man's glories conceal, like a snail's, under a shelly shade he must bear.

Many a man is thought to be as loud as that of a mouse; but its echo often lasts much longer.

Men are not to be judged according to their habit, but yet the visions of the gods rest in their pools.

Many a man's silliness is hidden behind just as easily without good men as without false ones.

There is a little child in every true conference is a deed, if the doer thinks there is a great deed.

Many a man is a slave all the miserable of a future state; they would pick the lock of Heaven.

Many a man is thought to be a genius of a friend as we are hoarse walking in our own

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 12.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JULIAN AND SEVERUS.

After the murder of the Emperor Pertinax, the soldiers of the Pretorian Guard, in their encampment on the hills outside of Rome, decided to sell the sceptre of the world to the highest bidder. With their swords they could give a good title. Soldiers from the ramparts immediately proclaimed through the streets of Rome, the auction which was to take place, certainly the most extraordinary which had ever occurred on this globe. It is a singular comment upon the morals and the utter heartlessness of that age, that Sulpicianus, governor of Rome, and son in law of Pertinax, was the first bidder. As governor of the city, he had, upon the first alarm of the mutiny, hastened to the camp to quell the fury of the soldiers. While there the murderers returned in hideous clamor, bearing the head of Pertinax on a lance. With this appaling spectacle before him, Sulpicianus offered a sum amounting to $800 of our money to each of the 16,000 soldiers of the Guard for the crown.

But by this time the offer of the auction had reached the ears of Didius Julianus, a wealthy senator, deemed the richest man in Rome. Regardless of the public calamities, he was sitting at his dinner table with guests, in the enjoyment of every luxury which wealth could confer. His ambitious wife and daughter, entreated him to purchase the empire and thus make the one an empress, the other a princess. The vanity of the silly old man was easily inflamed. He hastened to the camp, where he found Sulpicianus, eagerly striving to effect a trade. From the foot of the rampart Julianus began to bid against his rival. It was a scene of intense excitement between the competitors and of great fun and frolic among the soldiers. Julian at last offered 6250 drachms, over $1000 to each soldier, making a sum total of 16,000,000 of dollars. The bid was accepted. Sulpicianus could not go above it.

Thus far Julianus had stood upon the escarp outside of the redoubt. The gates of the camp were now thrown open to him, and the soldiers acknowledging him their emperor took the oath of allegiance. They then incircled him in their ranks, surrounding him and protecting him with their glittering shields, and thus exhibited him, in the imperial purple, through all the principal streets of the city. The senate was convened, and under the *moral suasion* of the daggers and bludgeons of the soldiers, ratified their choice. From the Senate Chamber Julian was escorted with increasing pomp to the palace. Here the first object which struck his eye, was the headless body of Pertinax which the barbarous soldiers had not taken the trouble to remove. The unenlightened populace of Rome, and the motley crowd from all nations, which then thronged the capital, probably gazed upon these scenes with but little sense of the degradation which they proclaimed. For Rome it was merely another gala day. For the miserable masses there was then no other joy than these gorgeous shows. Doubtless beauty and fashion lent all their attractions to the scene. Ladies from the balconies waved their scarfs; flowers were strewed along the pavements; embroidered banners waved in the breeze, music burst from a hundred bands, and the gleam of polished armor, of helmets, shields and spears, dazzled the eye.

By the order of the new Emperor a magnificent feast was prepared in the palace, and there was feasting, music and revelry until morning. But there are no hours so sad as those at the close of a feast, when the revelers have retired and silence reigns in the deserted halls. It was observed that Julian was in deep dejection. He wandered through the vast saloons of the palace seeking rest and finding none. He had purchased a perilous prize, and the fate of his predecessor, admonished him as to his own probable doom. His first attempt to sleep satisfied him that the regal pillow was planted thick with thorns. He was on the throne without a friend. The soldiers who had placed him there despised him. The Senate and the nobles were indignant that by money alone, one should become monarch of the world. Indignation and contempt spread rapidly.

There were other Roman armies, in different parts of the empire, flushed with victory, proud in fancied pre-eminence, far more numerous than the Pretorian band, and who were by no means disposed to allow that band to take the initiative in making and unmaking emperors. Just across the Adriatic sea, in Illyricum, there were three Roman legions, amounting to nearly 30,000 men under command of a renowned general, Septimus Severus. A large number of auxiliaries were also attached to this army. There was a similar force in Britain, commanded by Clodius Albinus. In Syria, Pescennius Niger was at the head of a military army still more numerous and powerful than that of Severus or Albinus. Each of these three armies felt that they had as good a right to dispose of the crown, as the few cohorts at Rome. Each of these renowned generals, felt that he had a far better right to the imperial purple, than a mere rich man, who had no personal renown, and nothing but his money to recommend him. Incited by its leader, each of these three armies, in its own encampment declared its general to be emperor and enthroned him with all military pomp. There were now four emperors. Who was to be supreme was to be settled by the horrid ordeal of battle. From Greece, Syria, and Britain vast armies were immediately on the rapid march, to test their powers beneath the walls of Rome. Severus promised his soldiers as a requital for the crown $3000 each. He could easily obtain the sum by the plunder of a province, and the seizure of a few thousand slaves.

By a rapid march his troops in ten days could be within sight of the towers of Rome. Albinus in Britain was a man of very illustrious lineage, which in those days added greatly to his power.

Niger, by personal merit alone had risen from obscurity. The whole of the Eastern empire rallied around him. Even the barbaric kings beyond the Tigris and the Euphratis offered him their homage and services. Thus suddenly anarchy burst upon the Roman world, and there appeared to be no possible escape from a long and devastating civil war, but in the energy of some one of the men, who should strike down all the rest, and establish the peace of despotism. Severus proved to be that man. Like eagles in their flight his banners crossed the Julian Alps. The wretched Julian trembled at his approach. In his dismay he sent ambassadors to Severus, offering to share with him the empire. Severus scorned the compromise. Pressing eagerly on, at the head of his troops, city after city with acclamation acknowledged his sway. The Pretorian guard, menaced by a force so powerful, could neither escape nor resist. Severus, as he drew near, imperiously sent an order, for those haughty troops to await his arrival on a large plain near the city, drawn up in order to receive with honor their lawful sovereign and take the vows of allegiance. There was no alternative but obedience or merciless massacre. In consternation they awaited his arrival. Soon in the distant horizon clouds of dust were seen, indicating the approach of his horsemen; then the bugle's peal reverberated over the hill; then the silken banners gleamed in the bright rays of an Italian morning. Severus had moved his immense force over mountains and plains, at the rate of more than twenty miles a day. His cohorts came rolling on like the tide. Sternly, silently they surrounded the trembling Guard. A squadron of horse, with the swoop of the whirlwind, took possession of their camp, with all their arms and magazines. When the whole Guard, thus helpless, were encompassed by the leveled spears of their captors, Severus ascended a temporary throne, sternly reproached them with perfidy and cowardice, disbanded the organization, dismissed them all in disgrace, despoiled them of all their treasures and ornaments, and banished them on pain of death to the distance of one hundred miles from the capital.

The funeral of the murdered Pertinax was then solemnized with all possible military pomp, and with every demonstration of honor for his memory and of grief over his death. Severus himself pronounced his funeral oration. Whether all this display of respect and grief were mere policy or not, it secured the gratitude of all the friends of Pertinax, and satisfied the senate and the people of Rome, that Severus alone was worthy to fill the throne, which the daggers of assassins had rendered vacant. Just before the arrival of Severus the trembling Senate met, unanimously acknowledged Severus as Emperor, denounced the Guard as the foul murderers of Pertinax, deposed Julian as an usurper, and doomed him to be beheaded as a felon. The wretched man, after a reign of misery and despair of sixty-six days, was led by brawny executioners into one of the interior apartments of the palace, where his head was cut off.

Severus remained in Rome thirty days to establish his government and to consolidate his power, and then marched against Niger, whose abilities and power he most dreaded. Proudly assuming that he had no rival, without even mentioning the name of Niger, he announced to the Senate that he was going to the East to regulate the state of those disordered provinces. The sons of Niger had fallen into the hands of Severus on his march to Rome, and he held them as hostages for the good conduct of their father. Adroitly but perniciously he purchased the neutrality of Albinus in Britain, investing him with imperial power over those provinces, until, Niger in the East being overthrown, he could have time and strength to bring all the West also under his undisputed sway. One cannot but loathe the dissimulation which permitted Severus, with these designs in view, to write to Albinus, as the "brother of his soul and of his empire," and to send the most affectionate salutations to his wife and his children. The messenger who conveyed this letter was commissioned, by the imperial assassin, to watch his opportunity, and if possible to plunge his dagger into the heart of Albinus. Rogues suspect rogues, and Albinus eluded the dagger's point.

In three great battles Niger's army was destroyed and he lost his head. The sword of the energetic conqueror soon brought the whole East into trembling submission. Severus then rending off the veil of hypocrisy, turned to the West, and cut the army of Albinus to pieces on the plains of Gaul. Albinus, in despair, plunged his own sword into his heart. His wife and children were inhumanly massacred. The children of Niger were also sent to the block. The head of Albinus was sent to Rome, while his body, after being trodden under foot by a squadron of cavalry, was left in its horrid mutilation to be devoured by dogs.

The empire was thus again united under one head. At length the dying hour came to the ambitious, successful, guilty Severus. He died in gloom, with nothing in the past to reflect upon with pleasure and nothing in the future to hope for. As his wretched spirit passed into the deep unknown, he exclaimed, "*Omnia fui et nihil expedit*"—I have been all things, and all things are of little value.

—The British merchants who have been selling vessels to the South to be used in destroying our commerce, seem to have come under a cloud, of late, and are beginning to clamor for a "fair hearing." "It is simply the spirit of trade," they say, "which induces us to sell vessels and munitions of war to the American rebels. We will not only sell *them* gunboats, but *we will also sell the Unionists better war vessels to capture their gunboats with.*" That is a perfectly frank, commercial and British explanation of the whole matter. The "spirit of trade" is a most powerful spirit, and one that it is difficult to exorcise.

—Mrs. Southworth has struck a rich vein of character in the little hero of her story now publishing in the Ledger. In fact, Ishmael Worth is not exactly a creation of genius and fancy. *That boy, under another name*, actually lived, and struggled, and suffered, and triumphed, and became one of the foremost men of his time—an accomplished gentleman, a learned jurist, an eloquent advocate, Attorney-General of the United States, and a popular candidate for the Presidency. In some future number we shall give his real name. His story, as Mrs. Southworth tells it, is in our opinion the best possible reading for children and youth of both sexes. It is not only a picture of the struggles of the poorest and most unfortunate of children for subsistence and even *existence*, but it is also the exhibition of an exalted nature struggling with marvellous energy for development, with nothing to rely upon but itself and the Providence of God. And the patience, the sweetness, the energy and the honesty shown by this poor, lonely, orphan boy, in his life-battle from obscurity to fame, furnish lessons for the youth of the land such as could be obtained from no other source. We commend it, therefore, to the especial perusal of all the young; nor will the middle-aged and old be able to read it without paying to it the tribute of sympathetic tears.

BRAG.

Individually, it may be said of our fellow-creatures (granting the usual exceptions, of course,) that "all men are braggarts;" and if this is true of individuals, it is yet more so of all nations, associations, corporations, and other aggregations. The Englishman accuses the American of being the greatest braggart in the world, while the American has in his possession anecdotes of John Bull tending to prove that stout old party not altogether averse to blowing his own horn very loud and very long. But then, in England, the different nationalities are all down upon each other for the same peculiarity. The Scotchman chaffs the Welchman, who said that his ancestors did not avail themselves of Noah's Ark, on the occasion of the general deluge, because they had a line of steamers of their own. The Welchman challenges, and probably [illegible], the Scotchman who says that Ben Nevis is higher than Snowden. The Irishman tells them both that their mountains are only mole-hills compared with Slievenamon, and says that, for a considerable wager, he will tie one hand behind his back, and throw—fair collar and elbow grip, mind you, *with one hand tied*—any Englishman, Welchman, and Scotchman that will enter the ring against him, one down and t'other come on.

These are all very expert braggarts in their way, but, to make a [illegible] by it, they cannot hold a candle to the Kentuckian, who, if you decline to drink with him, or otherwise hurt his feelings, will "chaw you up and spit you through a knot-hole." In this expression, however, the Kentuckian renders himself amenable to the charge of plagiarism from the Arab swaggerer, who said, centuries ago, that he "could chew up a man in steel armor and spit him against the sky." That Arab might be useful in these days of iron-clads. A *Monitor* would be only a quid for him.

"Is that your poor-house?" said an Irishman travelling in England to a friend who was doing the honors of a country town to him. "Is *that* your poor-house? Why our poor-house at Ballimagillagher is more than four times as big as that!" This is an example of the brag that overleaps itself: in his anxiety to establish a crow over the Englishman, the Milesian forgot that the size of the poor-house bears an inverse proportion to the prosperity of the parish.

In the matter of brag, however, all men must pale their ineffectual fires before the man of Gascony—that is, the good old-fashioned Gascon of former days, whose proficiency in boastful talk has furnished the language a word expressive of the thing. "Gasconade," both as a substantive and a verb, has long been adopted into English as a synonym for "swagger," "brag," "swash-buckler," and such like. The Gascon, like the Irishman, had wit in his madness, and was apt to give a humorous turn to his braggadocio.

It is told of a certain Gascon, that, while enjoying the hospitality of a Cardinal, the topic upon which he chiefly dwelt was the Garonne, compared with which, he insisted, all other rivers were insignificant. His host ventured to suggest that the Tiber, perhaps, might stand a favorable comparison with the lauded river of the Gascon, upon which the latter exclaimed:

"The Tiber? My dear sir, if the Tiber had the impertinence to come within ten miles of my castle, I'd put it into a pint bottle!"

Sometimes the Gascon made brag a profitable game. A tall, herculean fellow of that race, astride upon a wretched pony, encountered, as he rode over a bridge, a richly-dressed cavalier mounted upon a noble steed. Saluting the horseman, the Gascon said to him, "I will bet you ten golden pieces that I can do with my horse what you can't do with yours." "Done," said the cavalier, whereupon the Gascon dismounted, took the pony up in his arms, threw it over the battlements into the river, thus winning his wager, to the great discomfiture of the owner of the noble steed.

Two Gascons were fighting a duel. Just as they had crossed swords, one of them said to the other—"What grace! what coolness! 'twere a pity, now, to kill such a fine fellow as you: beg your life of me and I will grant it."

The other did not see the matter in that light, however, and expressed his determination to fight it out. Nevertheless the first Gascon, who had a great objection to fighting, kept well beyond sword's length, saying:

"Well parried! What a wonderful guard!—Hold now, I wouldn't hurt you for the world; that is if you'll only drop your sword and beg your life of me."

"Never."

"You won't?—quite sure you won't, eh?"

"Quite."

"Obstinate man! Since you won't beg your life of me, then I must only beg mine of you: take my sword!"

There are few persons who have sufficient command over themselves to refrain from bragging of their skill in horsemanship, and it is invariably to be observed that the worst riders are the most sensitive with regard to their equestrian glory. Sir Walter Scott, who was rather a judge of character, says somewhere that he knew of but few young men, and those of the sturdy moral persuasion, who would not rather be accused of some deviation from the path of virtue than of want of skill in horsemanship.

"I can leap this little mare of mine over a five-barred gate," said an Englishman.

"O git eout!" exclaimed a Yankee; "I'll *trot* mine agin you over two five-barred gates one on top of the other."

Perhaps brag, as a science or fine art, has never been carried to the same extent anywhere else as among the Chinese. The very styles and titles of that queer, old country are a double distillation of treble brag, served up very hot and strong. First Cousin to the Sun, and Brother-in-law of the Moon, are the mildest relationships acknowledged by the potentates of Pekin, who quote their celestial origin to account for their remarkable superiority in beauty and virtue to the rest of the human race!

Somewhere in the interior of Africa, we think it is, there exists a small kingdom of a few square miles in extent, the monarch of which causes tom-toms to be beaten, and horns blown, as soon as he has gobbled up his meal of raw meat, and a proclamation to be uttered by his heralds intimating to all the peoples of the earth that they are quite at liberty to take their dinners, now that the great man has had his.

Shakespeare has a fine perception of the bully brag, for which pray see his Ancient Pistol, and when found make a note of; and also his Fat Knight, whose little story of the seven men in buckram is as pretty a piece of good, old-fashioned braggadocio as any we remember.

The lower animals brag as well as their dominator, man—birds, beasts, and, we have no doubt, reptiles, fishes and insects, too, if we could only understand them. The lion's roar is brag, and so is the donkey's bray. What greater incarnation of brag can there be than a full-blown peacock with his tail up? Nor is the red-gilled turkey-cock to be despised as a braggart when he struts and gobbles among his dowdy hens; though, of all the barn-door fellows, perhaps there is none more defiant in his challenge to all creation than glorious Chanticleer, when he sounds his loud clarion in direct opposition to the upward struggles of the rising sun, which he doubtless looks upon as a coming rival.

Brag is, for the most part, a harmless deception. An old proverb truly says that braggarts are generally cowards; nor was the proverb-maker at fault who averred that though "Brag is a good dog, Holdfast is a better."

EDITING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The labors of newspaper Editors three quarters of a century ago were almost nominal. Happy fellows!—in glancing over the discolored files of their gazettes one can not help envying them. A few dozen lines of original matter satisfied the considerate readers of those days. The patrons of the press were not then, as now, omnivorous and insatiable. It was the golden age of the Editorial Fraternity, and it has passed never to return. Rivington, the celebrated Tory Editor of the Revolution, rarely wrote an article himself—depending chiefly upon the contributions of British officers, Burgoyne among the number. Dr. Franklin only favored his subscribers with a "leader" now and then, and his lucubrations though pithy were very brief. Hugh Gaine, who published and edited a small concern about twelve inches by ten in this city during and after the Revolutionary war, furnished little else than the foreign news, and never produced anything original except short paragraphs.

From 1776 to 1798 the three prominent editors in this country were Cobbett, Cheetham and Callender—"the three C's," as they were called. The two latter were patronized by Jefferson, and they rewarded him for a thousand acts of generosity and kindness by lampooning and abusing him. Each of these ingrates came to a bad end. Callender, after a long career of drunkenness and debauchery, was drowned in the East River; and Cheetham died, in penury, of yellow fever.

William Cobbett, the ablest of the three, published a paper called "The Porcupine" in Philadelphia in 1796. It was a scurrilous sheet. Franklin, Jefferson, Priestley and nearly all the leading patriots of the day, were blackguarded in its columns without stint, and without the slightest regard for the obligations of truth. Cobbett's "squibs" were bitter to the last degree; and though we have some specimens of newspaper ribaldry in these days that are hard to beat, they are mild in comparison with some of his ebullitions. Happening to have a few copies of "The Porcupine" at hand, we will give two or three samples of a style of abuse which finally made Philadelphia too hot for him, and compelled him to leave the country. Chief-Justice McKean, a man of eminent abilities though ungovernable temper, is thus depicted:

"This vile old wretch, who disgraces the courts of the unfortunate State of Pennsylvania, was formerly a stable-man in Chester County."

Referring to Dr. Logan, of Philadelphia, he says:

"Yesterday the *learned Jug* took his departure for Trenton. He was conducted to Harrowgate by a party of *sans culottes*, where, we are informed, they were regaled with the choicest washings of the kitchen."

Fenno, a rival editor, is complimented as follows:

"He has not only condescended to publish in his own paper that he is a *liar* and a *scoundrel*, but has contrived to get himself flogged for being actually *both*."

A little further on in the same paper we find the subjoined first-rate notice of American captains:

"I have often asserted, what I hope nobody now will call in question, that the American captains of vessels are the most *malicious*, the most *lying scoundrels* in the universe."

The above choice extracts have not, we think, been surpassed in vulgarity and malice by any modern editor. And yet Cobbett could write as pure English as was ever put in print, and was the author of the clearest, simplest and best English grammar in existence.

The political newspapers of seventy or eighty years ago were really miserable affairs. You will find more evidences of mind and thought in a single number of one of our modern dailies, than in a hundred issues of any of the gazettes of the olden time.

READING CHARACTER.

The world often forms a false estimate of a man's character, which will sometimes go for years in disguise, until detected by the light of some accidental circumstance brought to bear upon it. Under the guise of a bully, for instance, how often struts the pusillanimous craven. The fop will sometimes turn out, when you know him thoroughly, to be a man of talent and information, hiding himself under a bushel of fine clothes for some inscrutable purpose. Gruff old gentlemen are often remarked to be charitable to the poor, and bland old gentlemen are sometimes the reverse. Reading character is an art in itself. There are nice shades and touches only to be discerned by the practiced eye; and by such apparently insignificant points character may frequently be determined.

Lafitte, the eminent French banker, owed his first start in life to the circumstance of his being seen to pick up a pin in the court yard, as he was going to call upon a wealthy person for the purpose of seeking employment. The man who would pick up a pin, thought the wealthy person, must have some thrift about him, and so he gave him employment, and found that he had not mistaken his character.

Lord Lonsdale, Keeper of the Seal to William III. of England, was extremely dissipated in his youth, to the great trouble of his grand-uncle, old Sir John Lowther, who was very wealthy, and meant to make him his heir. So annoyed was the old gentleman, however, at the stories continually circulated respecting the extravagances of his nephew, that he took a journey up to London, for the purpose of altering his will in favor of other relatives. While there, Lonsdale used to call upon him every day, to pay his respects. Sir John always smoked of an evening, and, on one occasion, having asked his nephew for a piece of paper to light his pipe, the latter drew from his pocket a letter, and, tearing off the blank half of it, rolled it up to make a lighter, carefully extinguishing it and putting it away upon the mantelpiece when his uncle had got his pipe alight. This little touch of economy was not lost upon Sir John, who saw that his nephew possessed a natural inclination for order and "making the most of things," from which a good crop might be expected after the harvest of wild oats. And so the old gentleman did not alter his will; nor, as it turned out, could his fortune have fallen into better hands than those of the once dissipated nephew.

The "maddening cup" is said to be the greatest test of real character. "When the wine is in the truth comes out." One of the kings of England—an Edward, if we remember rightly—was so convinced of this fact, that he never appointed any person to an office about the court until he had first put him through the ordeal of a "big drunk." Once he had a new chaplain to initiate in this way, and the reverend gentleman, when well over his third bottle, talked so well and enthusiastically about horses and hunting, that the king proposed to him the position of stud groom instead of chaplain. The offer was accepted, and, as the old chronicler of the occasion tells us, "Although ye pulpitte might have suffered no loss, yet ye king's mews (stables) had for certain a great gayne."

[From the New York Ledger, May 24th, 1862.]

ODE TO GIDEON.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

O Gideon! Gideon! hear the nation's prayers;
Observe how rebels sneer and patriots grieve
To see the way you're managing affairs;
O Gideon, take the hint—and take your leave!

Your friends declare that, ere the war began,
(I can't deny, and therefore I admit it)
In private life you were an honored man;
Then why, O Gideon, did you ever quit it?

I don't despise the smallest Christian grace;
I reverence modest merit, I confess;
Long may you live—but in your proper place;
And may your mighty beard be never less!

But if of water you are weakly fond,
Why, Gideon, suffer from the sea's commotion?
Go sail a pleasure-boat upon a pond;
And let old seamen dare the angry ocean!

Retire, O Gideon, to an onion-farm;
Ply any trade that's innocent and slow;
Do anything—where you can do no harm;
Go anywhere you fancy—only go!

'Tis plain salt-water and sea-air do not
At all agree with one in your condition;
And when you next disgorge—I won't say what—
For God's sake, Gideon, *throw up* your commission!

OUR CITY POPULATION.

Every civilized nation has its representatives in the streets of New York. If an American born a few hundred miles from tide water were suddenly placed for the first time in our midst, without knowing his latitude and longitude, he might find it difficult to believe that he was in the United States. The ever-flowing tide of foreign emigration has pretty nearly overslaughed the peculiar American type of character in this city. Nowhere else upon the face of the earth, perhaps, is such a variety of nationalities to be seen within the same space as in Broadway. Irishmen, neat as imported, in their gray frieze coats, knee breeches, and coarse woollen stockings, with the *dudeen* stuck in their rusty wool hats; Germans, in odd-looking sacques and still more odd-looking slapjack hats or tasseled skull-caps; Scotchmen in "blue bonnets" and plaid waistcoats; Frenchmen, in blouses, gesticulating as Frenchmen only *can* gesticulate; Englishmen, heavily tailored and apparently afflicted with chronic stiff neck; Italians, whose sharp features look as if they had been cut out of pasteboard; Spaniards, grave and sallow; with a considerable sprinkling of Swedes, Swiss, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, and now and then a Turk, a Greek, an Arab, or a Chinaman, are to be met with any fine day in a stroll from Whitehall to Madison Square. Quite a large proportion, too, of our citizens, "to the manner born," have a European look, for it takes two or three generations to *Yankeefy* the scions of a foreign stock; so that between the contributions from abroad and the native-born offspring of "foreign alliances," the population of New York is a complete *olla podrida* of humanity. And this very mingling of races has helped to make us an energetic, vigorous people. There is nothing like an international mixing of bloods—provided the various streams run under skins of the same hue—to advance the mental and physical stamina of the species.

THE USE OF GRANDMOTHERS.

A little boy, who had spilled a pitcher of milk, stood crying, in view of a whipping, over the wreck. A little playmate stepped up to him and said, condolingly:—Why, Bobby, haven't you got a *grandmother?*

If there's not a sermon in *that* text, where shall one find it? Who of us cannot remember this family mediator, always ready with an excuse for broken china, or torn clothes, or tardy lessons, or little white fibs? Who was it had always on hand the convenient stomach-ache, or headache, or toothache, to work on parental tenderness? Whose consoling stick of candy, or paper of sugar-plums, or seed-cake, never gave out; and who always kept strings to play horse with, and could improvise riding whips and tiny kites, and dress rag-babies, and tell stories between daylight and dark to an indefinable amount to ward off the dreaded go-to-bed hour?

Who staid at home, none so happy, with the children while papa and mamma "went pleasuring?" Who straightened out the little waxen limbs for the coffin when papa and mamma were blind with tears? Who gathered up the little useless robes and shoes and toys, and hid them away from torturing sight till heaven's own balm was poured into those aching hearts? "Haven't you got a grandmother?" Alas! if only our grown-up follies and faults might always find as merciful judgment, how many whom harshness and severity have driven to despair and crime, were now to be found useful and happy members of society.

FANNY FERN.

EAST WINDS.

Although not easily disturbed by weather influences, we must confess to a rooted antipathy to easterly winds. Our northern springs are always prolific of them, and they have been particularly frequent and peculiarly inhospitable during the present season. One can easily account for the marrow-chilling tendency of the north-easterly gales that prevail in these latitudes. They blow from bleak Labrador, and foggy Newfoundland, and the frigid edges of the Arctic Circle. But it is not in northern climes alone that

"A wind from the East
Is neither good for man nor beast."

In warm latitudes airs from that direction seem always to have been considered insalubrious. An East wind blasted the seven ears of corn in Pharaoh's Dream. An East wind blew the Plague of Locusts into Egypt. Ezekiel's vine and Jonah's gourd were destroyed by East winds. The inter-tropical visitations from that quarter—the *Samiel* of Syria, the Kasmin of Egypt, and the *Simoom* of mid-Africa—are, however, hot winds. They bear upon their mephitic currents the Angel of Death. Yet it may well be doubted whether they are, upon the whole, more destructive than our own north-easters, surcharged as they are with the elements of consumption. The Simoom does its work swiftly, but our "Euroclydon" is perhaps equally fatal, though its effects are not so immediately apparent.

—Should misfortune overtake, retrench—work harder—but never fly the track—confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

—A critic's head should be wise enough to form a right judgment, and his heart free enough to pronounce it.

—If there has been no temptation, there can be no merit; if there has been no struggle, there can be no victory.

MY DARLING.

BY ALICE CARY.

When night has cast the moon in the sea,
And all is dark as dark can be,
Then the moon in the sea, like a ship
Within a lady-cot of her window sings Sing
To her winking lover below;
There shines a little light, sweet and dear,
And I say she is coming, my darling is near;
I know it is she, for the ship I hear
Is as safe as safe can be alone.

Sweetly it chimeth, again and again;
In all my answer, through all my pain,
Nothing we'd share with my dearest I is,
Is the chime with the great sweet sweeping by;
Nothing I'd share but we two,
If my love has not all my love of me,
If Christ were not crowned the lord to die,
And if my heaven be both in the skies
She is there as the golden gate!

She is Nothing on earth for me could not die!
I am afraid of the great sun shivering dry;
Of the Spring without her royal rain;
Of the day without its dawn or its close;
Of all and is good and fair,
Worn and wasted out of its place;
Nothing we'd share with my dearest I is,
I find me nearer to God and his grace,
And my darling with me there.

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HUSBAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

ISHMAEL GAINS HIS FIRST VERDICT.

Hence and vanish, cur and dastard,
Do not look upon me, lest my sword upon thee
Work unless thy mind, and want of it be fellow.
The wish to it shall neither wait nor precede.

So conjured Ishmael filled his face and confronted his enemies. It was truth and intellect encountering falsehood and stupidity. Who could doubt the issue?

"Sir," said the boy, "if you will look into the pockets of that young gentleman, Master Alfred, you will find the stolen fruit upon him."

Alfred Bunny started and turned as one. But the gentleman was too quick to let him escape and caught him by the arm.

"What, sir! Mr. Middleton! would you search me at his bidding? Search the son of Commodore Bunyle at the bidding of—nobody's *son?*" exclaimed the lamb, struggling in his hands, while the blood seemed ready to burst from his red and swollen face.

"For your vindication, young sir! For your vindication," replied Mr. Middleton, proceeding to turn out the young gentleman's pockets, when lo! enough to fill a retail orchard was found.

"It is infamous! as it is!" exclaimed Master Alfred, torn by shame and rage.

"Yes, it is infamous," sternly replied Mr. Middleton.

"I mean it is infamous to treat a commodore's son in this way.

"And I mean it is infamous in any body's son to behave as you have, sir!"

"I bought the things at Nutt's shop! I bought them with my own money! They are mine! I never plundered your things. That fellow did! he took them and then told falsehoods about it."

"Sir," said Ishmael, "if you will examine that basket, you will find that bank, you will find something there to prove which of us two speaks the truth."

Master Alfred made a dash after the bundle; but Mr. Middleton was too quick for him, and caught it. Opening the basket, he found the handkerchief stuffed full of various articles of confectionery. He examined and the master of Alfred Bunyle on one corner; the small parcels of cut and candied fruit contained were so recognized by Mr. Middleton as his own.

"Oh, sir!" began Alfred Bunyle, as, severely, tearing open the detected culprit, but the young villain broke at bay!

"Well?" he growled, in defiance—"what now? what will be done about it? Those parcels were what I took off as person when he was coming away with him. Didn't I, Ben?"

Ben grumbled some inaudible answer, which Alfred seemed to be so sincere, as to be considered satisfied!

"And I had them up in my handkerchief to give them back to you. Didn't I, Ben?"

Ben muttered something or other.

"And then I beat him for stealing. Didn't I, Ben?"

"Yes, you beat Mun," sullenly answered the youngster below.

Mr. Middleton gazed at the two boys in amazement; and he had entertained no religious doubt of the innocence of Ishmael and the guilt of Alfred, but that he was simply struck with consternation at this instance of hardened depravity so early developed.

"Sir," continued the relentless young prosecutor, "if you will please to examine Master Ben, I think he will tell you the truth. He has not told a seven dollary yet."

"What! why he has been conquering his brother's testimony all along!" said Mr. Middleton.

"Only as to the assault, sir; not as to the theft. Ben's conscience hurt him, so to finish his business!

"I will! Ben! Who stole the fruit and nuts from my carriage?"

Ben put his hands into his pockets and turned sullenly away.

"Did they poor boy steal them? For if I find he did, I will send him to prison. And I know you would like to see an honest boy sent to prison. So tell me the truth—did he, or did he not, steal the articles in question?"

"He did not; not so much as one of them," replied the boy sullenly.

"Did Alfred take them?"

Ben was silent.

"Did Alfred take them?" repeated Mr. Middleton.

"I won't tell you! So there now! I told you once did! but I won't tell you who did! It is real hard of you to want me to tell on my own brother!" exclaimed the boy, bursting of indignantly.

"That's right," indeed the feeling of the articles upon Alfred's person was enough," said Mr. Middleton.

"I think this poor boy's word ought to have been enough," said Ishmael.

"And now, sir!" continued Mr. Middleton, turning to Master Burgho—"you have been convicted of theft, filched and swindled—you and of the meanest falsehood and the basest cowardice a mean boy can be guilty of. Under those circumstances, I cannot permit your future attendance upon my school. You are no longer a proper companion for my pupils. To-morrow I shall call upon your father, tell him what you have done and advise him to send you to sea, under some other captain, for a three or a five years' cruise!"

"If you blow me to the Governor, I'll be sent to Sing Sing! I don't *keep* you, old fellow!" roared the young reprobate.

"Begone, sir!" was the answer of Mr. Middleton.

"Oh, I can go! But you look out! You're all a set of radicals, anyhow! making equals of all the rag, tag and bobtail about. Look at Chanda there! What would Judge Merlin say if he was to see his daughter with her arm around that boy's neck!"

Chanda's eyes blinded dangerously, and she made one step towards the offender, saying:

"Mark you, Master Alfred Burgho. Don't you dare to take my name between your lips again! and don't you dare to come near me as long as you live, or even to say to anybody that you were ever acquainted with me! If you do I will make my papa have you thrashed! If you do not choose to know a thief, I dared coward!"

"Chanda! Chanda! Chanda! You shock me, beyond all measure, my dear!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of real pain, and then lowering her voice, she whispered—"Thief, liar and coward! what shocking words to issue from a young lady's lips."

"I know they are not one words, Aunt Middleton, and if you will only push me nicer you shall see them instead. *Is there any pretty words for ugly words?*"

As this question was a puzzler that Mrs. Middleton did not attempt to answer, the little lady continued, very decisively:

"I will back to Volusia when I get home and see if there are."

"My boy," said Mr. Middleton, approaching

ISHMAEL PARTING WITH HIS TREASURE.

"Where is the window he was looking in, Claudia?" inquired Mr. Middleton.

"His eye on the left hand, uncle."

"Ah! Come here, my boy; look into this shelf-ware, and tell me which of these books you would advise me to buy for the reading public of our village."

The poor fellow looked up with so much perplexity in his face at the idea of this grave, middle-aged gentleman asking advice of him, Mr. Middleton lastened to say:

"The reason I ask you, Ishmael, is because being a boy, would be a better judge of stories for boys than I am, and also more candid. So now judge by yourself, and tell me which book you think would please my young friend best. Look at them all, and take your time."

"Yes, yes, sir. But I don't want them! Anybody could tell in a minute which book a boy would like them!"

"Oh, no, sir—Sir!

And as the party were now at home, the conversation ceased for the present.

Claudia ran in to exhibit her purchases.

Her favorite, Fido, ran to meet her, barking with delight.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ISHMAEL'S PROGRESS.

Athwart his face when blushes pass
To be so poor and weak,
He falls into the dewy grass,
To cool his fevered cheek;
And hears a music strangely made,
That you have never heard
A sprite in every rustling blade,
That sings like any bird!

MONCKTON MILNES.

Meanwhile on that fresh, dewy, moonlight summer evening, along the narrow path leading through the wood behind the hut, Ishmael limped—the happiest little fellow, despite his wounds and bruises, that ever lived. He was so happy, that he half suspected his delight to be all unreal, and feared to wake up presently and find it was but a dream, and see the little black-eyed girl, the ride in the carriage, and above all the new "Illustrated History of the United States" vanish into the land of shades!

In this dazed frame of mind he reached the hut and opened the door.

The room was lighted only by the blazing logs of a woodfire, which the freshness of the late August evening on the hills made not quite unwelcome.

The room was in no respect changed in the last twelve years. The well cared for though humble furniture was still in its old position.

Hannah, as of old, was seated at her loom, driving the shuttle back and forth with a deafening clatter. Hannah's face was a little more sallow and wrinkled, and her hair a little more freely streaked with gray than of yore: that was all the change visible in her personal appearance. But long continued solitude had rendered her as taciturn and unobservant as if she had been born deaf and blind.

She had not seen Reuben Gray since that Sunday when Ishmael was christened, and Reuben insisted on bringing the child home; and when, in the bitterness of her woe and her shame, she had slammed the door in his face. Gray had left the neighborhood, and it was reported that he had been promoted to the management of a rich farm in the Forest of Prince George's.

"There is your supper on the hearth, child," she said, without ceasing her work, or turning her head, as Ishmael entered.

Hannah was a good aunt; but she was not his mother; if she had been, she would at least have turned around to look at the boy, and then she would have seen he was hurt, and would have asked an explanation. As it was she saw nothing.

And Ishmael was very glad of it. He did not wish to be pitied or praised; he wished to be left to himself and his own devices, for this evening at least, when he had such a distinguished guest as his grand new book to entertain!

Ishmael took up his bowl of mush and milk, sat down, and with a large spoon shoveled his food down his throat with more dispatch than delicacy—just as he would have shoveled coal into a cellar! The sharp cries of a hungry stomach must be appeased, he knew; but with as little loss of time as possible, particularly when there was a hungry brain waiting to set to work upon a rich feast already prepared for it!

So in three minutes he put away his bowl and spoon, drew his three-legged stool to the corner of the fire-place, where he could see to read, seated himself, opened his packet, and displayed his treasure. It was a large, thick, octavo volume, bound in stout leather, and filled with portraits and pictured battle scenes. And on the fly-leaf was written:

"Presented to Ishmael Worth, as a reward of merit, by his friend, James Middleton."

Ishmael read that with a new accession of pleasure. Then he turned the leaves to peep at the hidden jewels in this intellectual casket. Then he closed the book and laid it on his knees and shut his eyes and held his breath for joy.

He had been enamoured of this beauty for months and months. He had fallen in love with it at first sight, when he had seen its pages open, with a portrait of George Washington on the right and a picture of the Battle of Yorktown on the left, all displayed in the show window of Hamlin's book shop. He had loved it and longed for it with a passionate ardor ever since. He had spent all his half holidays in going to Baymouth and standing before Hamlin's window, and staring at the book, and asking the price of it, and wondering if he should ever be able to save money enough to buy it. Now, to be in love with an unattainable woman is bad enough, the dear knows! But to be in love with an unattainable book —— Oh, my gracious! Lover-like, he had thought of this book all day, and dreamt of it all night; but never hoped to possess it!

And now he really owned it! He had won it as a reward for courage, truth and honesty! It was lying there on his knees. It was all his own! His intense satisfaction can only be compared to that of a youthful bridegroom who has got his beloved all to himself at last! It might have been said of the one, as it is often said of the other—"It was the happiest day of his life!"

Oh, doubtless, in after years the future statesman enjoyed many a hard won victory. Sweet is the breath of fame! Sweet the praise of nations! But I question whether, in all the vicissitudes, successes, failures, trials and triumphs of his future life, Ishmael Worth ever tasted such keen joy as he did this night in the possession of this book!

He enjoyed it more than wealthy men enjoy their great libraries. To him, this was the book of books, because it was the history of his own country.

There were thousands and thousands of young men, sons of gentlemen, in schools and colleges, reading this glorious history of the young republic, as a task, with indifference or disgust, while this poor boy, in the hill-top hut, pored over its pages with all the enthusiasm of reverence and love! And why? what caused this difference? Because *they* were of the common-place, while he was one in a million. This was the history of the rise and progress of the United States; Ishmael Worth was an ardent lover and worshipper of his country, as well as of all that was great and good! He had the brain to comprehend and the heart to reverence the divine idea embodied in the Federal Union. He possessed these, not by inheritance, not by education, but by the direct inspiration of Heaven, who, passing over the wealthy and the prosperous, ordained this poor outcast boy, this despised illegitimate son of a country weaver, to become a great Power among the People! a great Pillar of the State!

No one could guess this now. Not even the boy himself! *He* did not know that he was any richer in heart or brain than other boys of his age. No, most probably, by analogy, he thought himself, in this respect as well as in all others, poorer than his neighbors. He covered his book carefully, and studied it perseveringly; studied it not only while it was a novelty, but after he had grown familiar with its incidents.

I have dwelt so long upon this subject because the possession of this book at this time had a signal effect in forming Ishmael Worth's character and directing the current of the boy's whole future life. It was one of the first media of his inspiration. Its heroes, its warriors and its statesmen were his idols, his models and his examplars. By studying them he became himself high-toned, chivalrous and devoted. Through the whole autumn he worked hard all day, upheld with the prospect of returning home at night to—his poor hut and his silent aunt?—oh, no, but to the grand stage upon which the Revolutionary struggle was exhibited and to the company of its heroes—Washington, Putnam, Marion, Jefferson, Hancock and Henry! He saw no more for sometime of his friends at Brudenell Hall. He knew that Mr. Middleton had a first-class school at his house, and he envied the privileged young gentlemen who had the happiness to attend it; little knowing how unenviable a privilege the said young gentlemen considered that attendance and how small a portion of happiness they derived from it.

The winter set in early and severely. Hannah took a violent cold and was confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism. For many weeks she was unable to do a stroke of work. During this time of trial Ishmael worked for both—rising very early in the morning to get the frugal breakfast and set the house in order before going out to his daily occupation of "jobbing" with the Professor;—and coming home late at night to get the supper and to split the wood and bring the water for the next day's supply. Thus as long as his work lasted, he was the provider as well as the nurse of his poor aunt.

But at last there came one of the heaviest falls of snow ever known in that region. It lay upon the ground for many weeks, quite blocking up the roads, interrupting travel, and of course putting a stop to the Professor's jobbing and to Ishmael's income. Provisions were soon exhausted and there was no way of getting more. Hannah and Ishmael suffered hunger. Ishmael bore this with great fortitude. Hannah also bore it patiently as long as the TEA lasted. But when that woman's consolation failed, she broke down and complained bitterly.

The Baymouth turnpike was about the only passable road in the neighborhood. By it Ishmael walked on to the village, one bitter cold morning, to try to get credit for a quarter of a pound of tea.

But Nutt would see him hanged first.

Disappointed and sorrowful, Ishmael turned his steps from the town. He had come about a mile on his homeward road, when something glowing like a coal of fire on the glistening whiteness of the snow caught his eye.

It was a red morocco pocket-book lying in the middle of the road. There was not a human creature except Ishmael himself on the road or anywhere in sight. Neither had he passed any one on his way from the village. Therefore it was quite in vain that he looked up and down and all around for the owner of the pocket-book as he raised it from the ground. No possible claimant was to be seen. He opened it and examined its contents. It contained a little gold and silver, not quite ten dollars in all; but a *fortune* for Ishmael, in his present needy condition. There was no name on the pocket-book and not a scrap of paper in it by which the owner might be discovered. There was nothing in it but the untraceable silver and gold. It seemed to have dropped from Heaven for Ishmael's own benefit! This was his thought as he turned with the impulse to fly directly back to the village and invest a portion of the money in necessaries for Hannah.

What was it that suddenly arrested his steps? The recollection that the money was not his own! that to use it even for the best purpose in the world would be an act of dishonesty.

He paused and reflected. The devil took that opportunity to tempt him—whispering:

"You found the pocket-book and you cannot find the owner; therefore it is your own, you know."

"You know it isn't," murmured Ishmael's conscience.

"Well, even so, it is no harm to borrow a dollar or two to get your poor sick aunt a little tea and sugar. You could pay it back again before the pocket-book is claimed, even if it is ever claimed," mildly insinuated the devil.

"It would be borrowing without leave," replied conscience.

"But for your poor, sick, suffering aunt! think of her, and make her happy this evening with a consoling cup of tea! Take only half a dollar for that good purpose. Nobody could blame you for *that*," whimpered the devil, who was losing ground.

"I would like to make dear Aunt Hannah happy to-night. But I am sure George Washington would not approve of my taking what don't belong to me for that or any other purpose. And neither would Patrick Henry, nor John Hancock. And so I won't do it," said Ishmael, resolutely putting the pocket-book in his vest pocket and buttoning his coat tight over it, and starting at a brisk pace homeward.

You see his heroes had come to his aid and saved him in the first temptation of his life.

Ah, you may be sure that in after days the rising politician met and resisted many a temptation to sell his vote, his party, or his soul, for a "consideration;" but none more serious to the man than this one was to the boy.

When Ishmael had trudged another mile of his homeward road, it suddenly occurred to him that he might possibly meet or overtake the owner of the pocket-book, who would know his property in a moment if he should see it. And with this though the took it from his pocket and carried it conspicuously in his hand until he reached home, without having met a human being.

It was about twelve meridian, when he lifted the latch and entered. Hannah was in bed; but she turned her hungry eyes anxiously on him—as she eagerly inquired:

"Did you bring the tea, Ishmael?"

"No, aunt Hannah; Mr. Nutt wouldn't trust me," replied the boy, sadly, sinking down in a chair; for he was very weak from insufficient food, and the long walk had exhausted him.

Hannah began to complain pitiously. Do not blame her, reader! *You* would fret, too, if you were sick in bed, and longing for a cup of tea, without having the means of procuring it.

To divert her thoughts, Ishmael went and showed the pocket-book, and told her the history of his finding it.

Hannah seized it with the greedy grasp with which the starving catch at money. She opened it, and counted the gold and silver.

"Where did you say you found it, Ishmael?"

"I told you a mile out of the village."

"Only that little way! Why didn't you go back and buy my tea?" she inquired, with an injured look.

"Oh, Aunt! the money wasn't mine, you know!" said Ishmael.

"Well, I don't say it was. But you might have borrowed a dollar from it, and the owner would never have minded, for I dare say he'd be willing to give two dollars as a reward for finding the pocket-book. You might have bought my tea if you had cared for me! But nobody cares for me now! No one ever did but Reuben—poor fellow!"

"Indeed, aunt Hannah, I do care for you a great deal! I love you dearly; and I *did* want to take some of the money and buy your tea."

"Why didn't you do it, then?"

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, the Lord has commanded, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"It wouldn't have been stealing; it would have been borrowing."

"But I know Patrick Henry and John Hancock wouldn't have borrowed what didn't belong to them!"

"Plague take Patrick Hancock and John Henry, I say! I believe they are turning your head! What have they dead and buried old people to do with folks that are alive and starving?"

"Oh, Aunt Hannah! scold me as much as you please, but don't speak so of the great men!" said Ishmael, to whom all this was sheer blasphemy and nothing less.

"Great fiddlesticks' ends! No tea yesterday, and no tea for breakfast this morning, and no tea for supper to-night! And I laying helpless with the rheumatism, and feeling as faint as if I should sink and die! and my head aching ready to burst! And I would give anything in the world for a cup of tea, because I know it would do me so much good, and I can't get it! And you have money in your pocket and won't buy it for me! No, not if I die for the want of it! You, that I have been a mother to! That's the way you pay me for it, for all my care?"

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, dear, I do love you, and I would do anything in the world for you; but, indeed I am sure Patrick Henry——"

"Hang Patrick Henry! If you mention his name to me again I'll box your ears!"

Ishmael dropped his eyes to the ground and sighed deeply.

"After all I have done for you, ever since you were left a helpless brat on my hands, for you to let me lie here and die, yes, actually die for the want of a cup of tea, before you will spend one quarter of a dollar to get it for me! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oo-oo-oo!"

And Hannah put up her hands to her face, and cried like a baby.

You see Hannah was honest; but she was not heroic; her nerves were very weak, and her spirits very low. Inflammatory rheumatism is often more or less complicated with heart-disease. And the latter is a great demoralizer of mind as well as body. And that was Hannah's case. We must make every excuse for the weakness of the poor, over-tasked, all-enduring, long-suffering woman, broken-down at last.

But not a thought of blaming her entered Ishmael's mind. Full of love, he bent over her, saying:

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, don't, don't cry! You shall have your tea this very evening; indeed you shall!" And he stooped and kissed her tenderly.

Then he put on his cap and went and took his only treasure, his beloved "History," from its place of honor on the top of the bureau; and cold, hungry and tired as he was, he set off again to walk the four long miles to the village, to try to sell his book for half price to the trader.

Reader! I am not fooling you with a fictitious character here. Do you not love this boy? And will you not forgive me if I have already lingered too long over the trials and triumphs of his friendless but heroic boyhood! He who in his feeble childhood resist small temptations, and makes small sacrifices, is very apt in his strong manhood to conquer great difficulties and achieve great successes.

Ishmael, with his book under his arm, went as fast as his exhausted frame would permit him on the road toward Baymouth. But as he was obliged to walk slowly, and pause to rest frequently, he made but little progress, so that it was three o'clock in the afternoon before he reached Hamlin's Book Shop.

There was a customer present, and Ishmael had to wait until the man was served and had departed, before he could mention his own humble errand. This short interview Ishmael spent in taking the brown paper cover off his book, and looking fondly at the cherished volume. It was like taking a leave of it. Do not blame this as a weakness. He was so poor, so very poor, [illegible] his only treasure and his only joy in life. [illegible] tears arose to his eyes, but he kept them from falling.

When the customer was gone, and the bookseller was at leisure, Ishmael approached and laid the volume on the counter, saying:

"Have you another copy of this work in the shop, Mr. Hamlin?"

"No; I wish I had half-a-dozen; for I could sell them all; but I intend to order some from Baltimore to-day."

"Then maybe you would buy this one back from me at half price? I have taken such care of it, that it is as good as new you see. Look at it for yourself."

"Yes, I see it looks perfectly fresh; but here is some writing on the fly leaf; that would have to be torn out you know; so that the book could never be sold as a new one again; I should have to sell it as a second hand one, at half price; that would be a dollar and a half, so that you see *I* would only give you a dollar for it."

"Sir?" questioned Ishmael, in sad amazement.

"Yes; because, you know, I must have my own little profit on it."

"Oh, I see; yes, to be sure," assented Ishmael, with a heavy sigh.

But to part with his treasured volume and get no more than that! It was like Esau selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

However, the poor cannot argue with the prosperous. The bargain was soon struck. The book was sold and the boy received his dollar. And then the dealer, feeling a twinge of conscience, gave him a dime in addition.

"Thank you, sir; [illegible] will take this out in paper and wafers, if you please. I want some particularly," said Ishmael.

Having received a half dozen sheets of paper and a small box of wafers, the lad asked the loan of pen and ink, and then, standing at the counter, he wrote a dozen circulars as follows:

FOUND, A POCKET-BOOK.

ON THE BAYMOUTH TURNPIKE ROAD, ON FRIDAY MORNING, I PICKED UP A POCKET-BOOK, WHICH THE OWNER CAN HAVE BY COMING TO ME AT THE HILL HUT AND PROVING HIS PROPERTY.

ISHMAEL WORTH.

Having finished these, he thanked the bookseller and left the shop, saying to himself:

"I won't keep [illegible] about me much longer to be a constant temptation and cross."

He first went and bought a quarter of a pound of tea, a pound of sugar, and a bag of meal, from Nutt's general shop for Hannah; and leaving them there until he should have got through his work, he went around the village and wafered up his twelve posters at various conspicuous points on fences, walls, pumps, trees, etc.

Then he called for his provisions, and set out on his long walk home.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

—"Friend Fra[illegible]n," said Myers Fisher, a celebrated lawyer [illegible] Philadelphia, one day, to our immortal phil[illegible]pher and statesman, "thee knows almost eve[illegible]thing, can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let the rogues but get a taste of that, and I warrant they'll never touch your small beer any more."

—La Fontaine [illegible] one of the most absent-minded of men. [illegible] are told that he once attended the funeral of a friend, and shortly afterwards called to visit him, when the servant informed him his master was dead. La Fontaine was at first very much shocked, but recovering from his surprise, observed, "It is true enough, for now I recollect I was out to his burial."

HOUSE-HUNTING.

TOM ASHE'S DILEMMA.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"There's no use saying another word on the subject, Tom; my mind is made up! Either you must go and engage a house *somewhere* this morning, or you must stay and take care of the baby, while I do it!"

"I'll go and look for the house," said Thomas Ashe, recklessly rising and taking up his hat.

"That's a darling, Tom!" said Mrs. Ashe. And she gave his shirt-collar an upward twitch, and pulled the bow of his cravat straight, and stood on tip-toe to arrange his hair, and then—we'd like to know whose business it was if the cherry lips *did* leave a little, soft, fragrant touch somewhere in the vicinity of Tom's moustache!

Thus he went on his way, not exactly rejoicing, but what is next best, resigned

"Is this house to let?"

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Starpen, wringing the soap-suds from her sodden fingers (it was Monday morning) and administering a series of cuffs to the little Starpens, who were skirmishing in the entry.

"Will you be kind enough to allow me to look at it?"

"You won't like it!" said Mrs. Starpen, oracularly.

"No? why not?"

"Well, the sullers is full o' water; and the roof leaks; and the range is out o' order; and the kitchen's swarm full o' rats; and——"

"O, dear, dear!" quoth simple Tom, in dismay, "it won't do at all! Very much obliged to you for mentioning these things, ma'am!"

"O, not at all!" said Mrs. Starpen, shutting the door, and adding, in a soliloquizing vein: "What business have folks comin' before ten o'clock in the mornin', then?"

Mr. Ashe consulted his list. The next house was not far off, and he resolved to try again.

"I believe this residence is for rent," he said, varying his question to suit the appearance of a faded, fine lady, who put her head out of one of the windows after a long interval.

"Yes!"

"May I look at it?"

"No!"

Tom staggered back, for the negative had been hurled at him with the force of a Minnie ball.

"No? If I might venture to ask——"

"'Tain't hours!"

"Hours!" repeated Tom, vaguely.

"The house is visible from two to three only."

"But, ma'am——"

Down went the window with a sharp report, and our discomfited hero sneaked down the steps, mentally execrating the institution of "hours."

As he stood hesitating on the pavement, uncertain whither next to bend his steps, his eye caught a "bill" on a trim, little, brown-stone house opposite—a house with dainty white draperies at the windows, overshadowing monthly roses in full crimson bloom.

"I'll try there!" ejaculated Tom, as if visited by an inspiration.

He ascended the steps, and boldly rung the bell.

"I see there is a bill on this house."

"Yes, sir; plase walk in and spake to the missus."

Tom followed the serving-lass into a bright, neat, little parlor, where a lady in black, with mischievous eyes to correspond, and hair ditto, was clipping dead leaves off her plants with a fairy pair of scissors. She turned, and Mr. Ashe bowed.

"This house is to let?"

"Yes," said the black-eyed, dropping her lashes pensively. "It is too large, and—pardon me—too expensive, since my poor, dear husband's death, for me to retain."

Tom didn't know what else to say, so he remarked:

"Ah, indeed!"

"Would you like to look at it?"

"If perfectly convenient."

Well, it *was* a pretty house—neat and complete in all its appointments as the dainty widow herself. Tom felt as if he were approaching the termination of his trials at last.

"The wine-cellars—poor Henry used to be so particular about his claret and sherry—furnace—rooms—all in perfect order; kitchen——"

"Yes, I see," said Tom, kneeling down to squint scientifically into the range-ovens—a manœuvre that might serve to blind the lady to his total ignorance on culinary subjects.

"It's all right—bakes charmingly," said the widow, sighing sweetly. "Henry was rather exact about pies and puddings, and——"

"What did you tell me the rent was, ma'am?"

"Nine hundred dollars."

"Not dear, certainly," said Tom, complacently. "No incumbrances, I suppose."

"No," said the widow, dimpling and blushing, "none but myself!"

"Yourself!" echoed Tom, blankly.

"I'm not particular in my choice of rooms," smiled the widow; "your wishes would of course be my guide."

Tom stared at her in speechless dismay.

"I don't think you'd find me *very* disagreeable," went on the lady, playing with the wide strings of her very becoming widow's cap. "It's only a few months, to be sure, since dear Henry died, but I try to keep up my spirits, and——"

"There's some mistake here!" gasped Tom, a clammy sweat breaking out around the roots of his hair at the idea of being taken violent possession of by a widow. "I assure you, ma'am, I do not want you!"

"Not want me!" shrieked the widow. "Did you not come from the agent? wasn't it the understanding that I—I was to be—to be inclu-u-u-ded?"

Here the widow broke into a storm of hysteric sobs and tears, drowning Tom's vehement assurances that he had seen no agent, nor if he had, should he have entered into any such absurd compact. The more he reasoned the louder she sobbed, and at length, in despair, he retreated, plunging down stairs at the rate of four steps at a time! Not until he was a full block's distance from the "brown-stone front" did he venture to stop for breath.

"The idea!" he faltered. "*Me*, a man with a wife at home! Are people to be married by force in this age of the world? Do the laws afford a man no protection, save that of abject flight? I'll tell Mattie the whole story, and see if she'll send me house-hunting again in a hurry."

And he did! Bolting in upon the astounded Mattie, he related his hair-breadth escape, pausing ever and anon to wipe the cold perspiration from his brow.

"And it's the greatest wonder I know of," he ended, "that she didn't lock me up in the wine-cellar at once, and keep me a prisoner of war! Yes, laugh, Mattie! but it's no laughing matter, I can tell you!"

For Mattie was convulsed with merriment.

"You dear, stupid Tom!" said she, "you're not worth a fig to hunt houses! Here—give me the list, and you stay with baby. Don't be alarmed—he's fast asleep. *I'll* arrange matters."

Away trotted Mattie Ashe, with a face of resolution that made Tom tremble for the consequences in case she should happen to encounter the rosy widow.

"Let 'em fight their own battles! *I* wash my hands of it!" muttered he, rendered desperate!

In less than an hour, Mrs. Ashe returned, blooming and jubilant.

"Well?" questioned Tom.

"I've engaged a house!" she said, untying her bonnet strings.

"Where?"

"The brown-stone house in —— street!"

"Not the one——"

"Yes, the one with the widow. I've consented to 'include' her, Tom!"

Tom said nothing—speech had failed him. He only stared vacantly at his wife.

"Now don't look so stupid, you precious, old, blundering darling! You and the widow were talking at cross-purposes the whole time. All she wanted was the privilege of keeping two or three rooms on the third floor—and the house was so nice and cheap, I consented at once!"

Tom sat silent a moment or two.

"I say, Mat?"

"Well."

"You didn't tell the widow what I thought?"

"No—of course, I didn't! But," added Mattie, with roguish eyes, "I rather think I have a nice little sword to hold over your head, if you ever venture to allude to my old beaux!"

Tom did not reply, but in his inmost heart he registered a secret vow, never again to go house-hunting!

WARP AND WEFT;

OR,

THE COTTON FAMINE.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE," "DICK TARLETON," "THE STEP MOTHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Shall they who humbly trod the path of truth,
Not reap in age the harvest of their youth?
Men who for bread their daily labor gave,
In poverty and sorrow seek the grave?
Childhood's wan looks, and woman's mute despair,
Not find an answer to their silent prayer?
Forbid it, Thou! who to the human heart
Didst all life's generous sympathies impart—
The open hand; the pity of distress;
The impulse to relieve the fatherless;
Those perfect parts of an imperfect whole,
Those mortal signs of an immortal soul!

AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

It is impossible for those who are in the habit of mixing with the poor, visiting them in their humble abodes, and listening to their sorrows, to avoid noticing the strong sympathy they evince for the misfortunes of each other. Any very severe or unusual calamity falling upon one is felt by many. We have known those whose life was a continued struggle with privations, under such circumstances, give, not from their abundance, but their necessities—bring their little offering freely, bestow it kindly, accompanied by words of gentleness and compassion, soothing the sufferings they could only partially alleviate.

When symptoms of distress first appeared in the Lancashire districts the hands bore it bravely. The prudent fell back upon the savings-banks, quietly and uncomplainingly withdrew their little hoards—fruits of a hard but wise economy; the thoughtless had recourse to the pawnbroker, sold or pledged their furniture and wearing apparel; the utterly reckless only descended to beggary or the poor-house. The manhood, the nerve, the muscle and sinew of Lancashire suffered in silence; and it was not till mill after mill had been closed, every resource exhausted, and the iron teeth of famine began gnawing into their very souls, that the cry for assistance echoed through the land—made itself heard in every English home—found its way to distant colonies. All classes performed their duty—skilled and unskilled laborers did their part—widows and children contributed their mite.

God saw that the work was good, and prospered it.

Never in the memory of man has the unity of feeling been more complete. There was no difference of opinion as to the necessity of finding relief, although some disputed the mode of applying it.

The cotton famine has presented a touching, but, at the same time, a noble spectacle—a lesson we may well feel proud of. Charity, armed with the cry of "Our operatives are starving!" knocked boldly at the palace gates, the residence of the noble, the counting-house of the banker and merchant, the shop of the tradesman, the homestead of the farmer. England, with one heart and faith, replied to her. She recognized neither Churchman nor Dissenter, Tory, Whig, nor Radical—all were combined in the one great brotherhood of Christianity.

Extraordinary events generally elicit extraordinary talents and energies in the working classes. Some start from the masses—stand in bold relief—and enter earnestly upon a new sphere of action. Men and, in some instances, mere boys, in the present crisis have given proofs of powers for organizing and administering, few persons imagined them capable of. The letters of "A Lancashire Lad" will be remembered when the history of the famine is written, and all but the recollection of the sufferings it inflicted has passed away.

The few whose interest in the working classes extends beyond their material wants, were not slow to perceive a danger—concealed like a serpent amid wholesome herbs and fragrant flowers—from the vast outpourings of benevolence: the danger of idleness—danger to age, danger to youth, left to the weak guard of its quick passions; and schools were established—writing-schools for men and boys, sewing-schools for women and girls. It will be remembered with what intelligence the idea was seized and acted upon, especially by those whom it was intended to benefit. They appeared intuitively to comprehend its advantages.

The wives and daughters of the leading manufacturers gave not only their money, but their time. Levity and coarseness were restrained by their presence. Sisters of charity in the truest sense of the word, their works are registered on the eternal page where angel hands inscribe both thoughts and actions.

For the success of this wise and truly benevolent project, teachers were necessary; and they could only be found amongst the most educated and best conducted of the poor.

When application was made to Willie for the services of his daughter Ellen, the blind man hesitated. She was his home bird—one of the few joys of his solitary existence—his prison flower—a pearl he had garnered in his love. The high character of the ladies who made the application, the sacredness of the cause to which his child was called to devote herself, weighed with him far more than the increased means it would afford of existence, and he reluctantly consented. Ellen applied herself with simple earnestness to the task; and those who directed the school soon found her one of the most efficient of their assistants. Her influence over the girls appeared unbounded.

It would be difficult to describe the interest with which Miss Westbury and her niece, who were most active in the work of benevolence, regarded her. Constant in their attendance at the sewing-school, they were daily, hourly, enabled to appreciate the patient sweetness of her temper, the uprightness of her character. On their return home after the labors of the day,

they was warm in her profile—almost entirely.

Neither of the ladies observed how the eyes of Frederick sparkled as he listened to them.

During the last two years John Bentley had frequently promised his second son that he should be made a partner in the business; and as repeatedly broken his word. All the while it appeared contented in the eldest, Gilbert, whose character assimilated more closely with his own. Each had the same pride, the same hard firmness, the same dogged will. Although deeply hurt, Frederick repressed his feelings on his mother's account. He loved her too dearly to add to her sorrows. A yet stronger reason kept his silence: he was in love.

Our readers, we doubt not, have already guessed with whom. They have not forgotten the rose-bud and the open window. As a general rule, we place no great faith in the infallibility of love at first sight. In the present instance, however, it proved deep and lasting.

We cannot explain why, from the day of their first meeting, the thoughts of Ellen and her lover were occupied with each other. Not a word had passed between them; weeks passed before they spoke. The school to which Frederick paid so attentive a brought them more frequently together, gave him opportunities the young man was not slow to avail himself of to urge his suit. The fair girl listened at first with incredulity. She could not believe that his attentions were serious and honorable; so many improbabilities and obstacles appeared to forbid their union—her own poverty, the pride and ambition of his father. One sentence of the latter had trusted him; the next, doubted and wept.

Such was the state of affairs when Frederick Bentley received a letter from his father, summoning him to London. In the midst of his pleasures, the keen man of business did not fail to perceive the vast importance to his prospects the cotton famine presented; and he shot for his ten to give him the command of a plantation.

Perhaps," said Miss Westbury, when she heard of the letter, "your husband intends to open the mill again. Had your poor father lived, it would not have been closed."

Her niece shook her head. She had written, beginning that not to distress her aunt with the crisis first came; entreated half work for them. In vain; John Bentley was inexorable, sended even to answer her letter.

That was evening Frederick Bentley had a long interview with Miss. He was to start the following day for London. He cannot relate the arguments he used—his vows and promises. Persuasion is rarely persuasive when the lips of those we love.

The next morning, when her mother entered her little chamber to call her, Ellen had disappeared. A note, hastily written and blotted with tears, was on the table. Scarcely crediting the evidence of her senses, Mrs. Hanson snatched it up and read as follows:

"Do not judge me hastily. All will be for the best. *Remember me—forgive me!*"

The next instant the unhappy mother fell senseless upon the floor.

What words can paint the despair of Willie at the loss of the child he so tenderly loved! In the bitterness of his wrath he cursed not his daughter, but her betrayer. He was ready to fall his blindness so severely as at that moment.

"If I only *knew* where!" he said, helpless. The meanest of God's creatures can defied his prying. In the village? Where is he? Lead me to him! Place him within my reach, and I swear the cowardly villain shall never child lives from him!"

"Oh! for the strength of Samson for one hour!" he added, bitterly.

"Have patience and prayer and patience."

Patience!" repeated the blind father; "have I not been patient? Never has the hand of affliction pressed more severely upon any human being than on myself, yet I bore up against it. I had energies, talents, which I could have placed all were blighted. Day was turned to night—for what did talents or day avail me? I submitted. But it is hard, very hard, that men, born to be cruelly, should add to my misfortunes and misery."

Father," exclaimed Martin, whose cheeks were burning with flushes of shame, which his heart could not quench, "I am sorry for the villain who has deprived me of a sister."

His mother made a sign to him to be silent; but either her son did not perceive it, or he was much excited they took no heed.

"Frederick Bentley?" he replied; "Frederick Bentley?"

The blind man clasped his hands, and sank back into a chair as suddenly as if a thunderbolt had struck him.

"You have killed him!" sobbed Mrs. Hanson.

The terrible fact they felt upon his brain, and threw his own around the senseless form of his father.

On hearing of the flight of Ellen, the widow had thrown her arms over her face to indulge her sorrow in silence; but the words of her daughter-in-law quickly aroused her from her grief. The lesser grief vanished before the greater.

"Speak to your child of mother, Sarah! Don't leave me in my age alone. Curse them!" she added, in the suddenly upon her knees in the centre of the floor. "Father and son, I curse them both! Let a stranger lay hem a blight and a ruin to me and mine. Oh! that Sam were here," she continued, in her wild rage.

"Hush! hush!" the pale and anxious wife, who, in the midst of her own misery, found strength, in the devotion of her woman's nature, to console and support the unfortunate. "Do not move! he hears you."

"Curse him!" repeated the widow, without heeding her.

"Who spoke of cursing?" demanded Willie, faintly.

"I did—I did."

"Not my child! my sweet, my—my once innocent child. Child, did I not say I have no child now? he added, yielding to a penitential burst of grief.

"Father!" murmured the boy.

"Forgive! I forgive your poor unfinished parent. Sorrow has made me subject. I have not the will. Let us be at peace. Let us be continued, drawing to his wife; "I require to be alone, to summon what strength I can, to pray for strength to bear up against the heavy blow. To your room, my—"

Later in the day, when Willie re-appeared amongst his family, composure, though not gone, was conquered. There was that resignation in his features which is a witness upon the Conscious of all sorrows alone can give.

"Mother," he said.

The widow was by his side in an instant.

"Wife."

Mrs. Hanson silently took his hand.

"Where is Martin?"

Here, father," replied the lad.

"This is a bitter sorrow that has fallen upon our humble but happy home. True, we feel poverty; but it was poverty without shame. We must pray for resignation. Let us ask for it submissively, and we shall find it. Let the woes of the child who has disgraced us be buried in ours. Except in prayer," he added, "accept in prayer."

His words were rendered in silence, broken only by the sobs of the widow and her daughter-in-law.

"I will do more than pray," said Martin, after a pause. "I am almost a man; this last wrong, I feel, has made me a man in spirit of one; and—"

He faltered; the depth of his emotion began to choke his words.

"Proceed," said his father, calmly.

"I will revenge it!" exclaimed the boy.

"And sight, and sight only, is given to him, if I glory in thee, and—"

"Martin!" repeated the blind man, gravely.

"Yes, father."

"You have never disobeyed me yet; nor given me cause for uneasiness."

"Never, willingly, father."

"As you would not have to reproach yourself when I am in my grave—and Mr. Alms knows how soon my sorrows may lay me there—as you value my blessing, promise me—promise me faithfully—to take no steps to revenge this wrong. It is a great one, and hard to bear. If you avert the destroyer," he continued, for he would not pronounce his name, "upon him as you would a stranger, without one angry glance, one word of distance. You understand me?"

The youth bit his lips and remained silent. His was unlearned in the proud boy, and all his sister's shame must be known.

"And mind, my second opinion. Look upon her as dead—think of her as she was—but put what she is. You do not answer me."

"She has ceased to be mine, father," said Martin, sullenly.

"I have forgiven her that."

"Brought disgrace upon—"

"Do you think I do not feel it?" interrupted Willie; "feel it keenly? Give me your hand, my son. Your mother has fainted outside of the room. Go to her. Let us have a better stranger than our own weak passions—One whose justice pardons none. Leave all to Him.

"Promise me."

"I do promise you," replied the youth, "and may God help me to keep it!"

"Amen," said his mother, kissing him fervently.

From that day, as it was tacitly understood by the inmates of the cottage, the name of Ellen was pronounced no more, except in prayer, when her parents remembered her as dead to them. Letters containing money frequently arrived, but, although they were sent by the hand of a stranger, knocking at his very door, Willie and his wife were unable to learn anything from what they considered their daughter's shame. The letters were burnt unread, and the contents, under the title of "Ellen's Money," appropriated to the committee for the distressed operatives.

When Frederick Bentley, after a month's absence, returned to Manchester, he found his mother welcomed with smiles by his mother and Miss Westbury; he was received with the same cold, elegant than reprehensible. His conduct had displeased his father, and he was punished for it. Bentley considered to have raised in their dissolution.

"Don't weep, mother," exclaimed the young man—"you will break my heart. Be comforted."

"I weep for what you once were," replied Mrs. Bentley, "and for the grief you have given to afflict me with many sorrows, but this—this is beyond endurance."

"Aunt, what can I say—"

"Don't speak to me," interrupted the old lady. "*I am trying to hate you.*"

"You will not succeed," observed the cat-like.

"Such a sweet girl! so good! so pure and innocent! You must have had the heart of a fiend to betray her."

"Aunt—"

"Leave!" repeated his mother. "Oh, Frederick, do not profane the word; a true heart finds no beauty in it. Leave me—leave me to my sorrow."

"I could have forgiven you," added Miss Westbury, "if you had married her."

"Indeed!"

"But to destroy the happiness her's the daughter of the man, too, whom your father has always avenged—whose misfortunes should have rendered him sacred in your regard, or half! It was cowardly as well as heartless. There, I have said your what I think, and as much as it is at rest."

Frederick Bentley remained till a late hour with his mother and Miss Westbury, whom affection for the elder lady would have induced to remain for greater than their resentment; for when he had been gone eight days, they had not severed tones, and smiled upon him through each letter.

It was soon whispered—for servants will talk that Miss Bentley and her aunt walked on more than one occasion to the cottage he had taken for Ellen, a mile or two from Manchester. If true, our readers will agree that it could only be for the charitable visit of a lady to the poor.

He was one person who did not hear the loss of Ellen with the same patience that her father did—the eldest son, Gilbert. Instead of obtaining her himself, he could not endure that another should possess her. Had she been left for a long factor to his employer, jotting the consequences of Frederick's marriage.

John Bentley smiled as he said it. His son, he considered, had avenged his cause, and he had offered to his own cause.

"I didn't think you had so much spirit," he observed, when relating the affair to his favorite, Gilbert.

"I always thought him sly," replied the other brother; "but I never pitied, I wonder?"

"I have never seen her."

"How should you, you simpleton?" exclaimed the guardsman. "Surely, with her simple taste and beauty, Frederick might rest satisfied with the discovery."

"Would you have been satisfied with it?" demanded his father, not quite pleased by the tone of the speaker.

"My dear sir, that is a very different thing!"

"You are both my sons."

"Yes; but I am the eldest."

"Granted."

And have the same, the position of the family to keep up. Then the rank of Lady Bentley—"

"Very true," replied John Bentley, musingly. "And yet I sometimes ask myself the advantage of marrying into a titled family have not been successful. Your mother, I added, "they have been dearly paid for."

Gilbert replied by a shrug of the shoulders.

"Your wife is anything but youthful," continued the speaker. "She has favorites the baggage from which I retrieved her. Property has made her short-sighted. She scarcely ever recognizes me in the park or at the opera."

"The children of youth," continued the husband, forcing a laugh. "You have no idea how thoughtless a creature she is."

"Possibly not," replied his parent, drily. "I've spoke plainly, Gilbert; I dislike such gilded flowers. I perceive, by-the-by, from the morning papers," continued the latter, "that you gave another ball on Thursday week."

"Yes; I believe so."

There was a pause, during which father and son regarded each other inquiringly.

"You spoke of the morning papers," continued the latter; "have you not received an invitation?"

"No."

"What thoughtlessness!"

"Is your young days," observed John Bentley, "we designated such conduct by another name—ingratitude."

"My dear sir!"

"Frederick is never thoughtless," continued his father. "I shall leave for Manchester in a week. I shall take with me a gentle to bless, and made him a partner."

The next morning's most affectionate note received from his daughter-in-law inviting John Bentley to her ball. He would, not experience, like most men who place themselves in a wrong position, the consequences of his want of judgment. The high-born relatives and connections of Lady Augusta acknowledged him with supercilious coldness, or else ignored his presence. The fashionable friends of his own family cut him. They, too, had heard the whisper that leaves like a hot breath, scorching the cheek and brow.

In the course of the evening silent came to him, evidently laboring under great excitement. At length he moved you?" demanded his father, anxiously.

The words were I have heard since my horse was shot. I—I—"

"Be calm."

"And what can that be? I was about to exchange into a colonel to Manchester."

John Bentley rose, his lips, the fortune to ask his son why he objected to being quartered in Manchester. The answer was there, written plainly to both. In Manchester, the owner of Ellen's child—the wife of Willie Hanson—was to be severely commented upon.

"I must go home," he said the speaker. "It may be as well."

"I've got leave to join Gilbert."

"That will be difficult, if not impossible."

"Will you ask it, Frederick?" added Gilbert. "Lady Augusta declares she will not dance with me if you refuse. Will you refuse me in her resolution?"

Frederick looked bitterly. He recollected how differently the haughty girl had conducted herself to his mother and sister, in the days when he greeted his own want of caution in the ample fortune which he now filled in right to wife.

"Gilbert," he said: "I have no desire to oppose you. I am not aware that I have ever become a widower—"

"Of course," interrupted the son.

"Yet. Men do become widows, do they not?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Should you feel disposed to marry again, never, I trust, be guilty of the baseness, the unworthy conduct of her husband, obtained, and sometimes retained by the wife of a second husband. I shall, therefore, not oppose your wishes, and you will be—"

"Very excellent advice, no doubt; say, in his way," observed the young man; "but I don't see why you should be so very exhilarating."

"No! I give it only in case of contingencies."

"And Lady Augusta?"

"Tells the lady whatever you to you will," replied John Bentley. "No lapses will teach a man to be careful. Till the former become shorter, their position was a precarious one. Gilbert, I wish you good night, and upon his father.

"Father!" he said, as he supported for the important visit, and spoke of. Independent of the man, too, whom your father has always avenged—whose misfortunes should have rendered him sacred in your regard, or half! It was cowardly as well as heartless. There, I have said your what I think, and as much as it is at rest."

Frederick Bentley remained till a late hour with his mother and Miss Westbury, whom affection for the elder lady would have induced to remain for greater than their resentment; for when he had been gone eight days, they had not severed tones, and smiled upon him through each letter.

It was soon whispered—for servants will talk that Miss Bentley and her aunt walked on more than one occasion to the cottage he had taken for Ellen, a mile or two from Manchester. If true, our readers will agree that it could only be for the charitable visit of a lady to the poor.

He was one person who did not hear the loss of Ellen with the same patience that her father did—the eldest son, Gilbert. Instead of obtaining her himself, he could not endure that another should possess her. Had she been left for a long factor to his employer, jotting the consequences of Frederick's marriage.

John Bentley smiled as he said it. His son, he considered, had avenged his cause, and he had offered to his own cause.

"I didn't think you had so much spirit," he observed, when relating the affair to his favorite, Gilbert.

"I always thought him sly," replied the other brother; "but I never pitied, I wonder?"

"I have never seen her."

"How should you, you simpleton?" exclaimed the guardsman. "Surely, with her simple taste and beauty, Frederick might rest satisfied with the discovery."

"Would you have been satisfied with it?" demanded his father, not quite pleased by the tone of the speaker.

"My dear sir, that is a very different thing!"

"You are both my sons."

"Yes; but I am the eldest."

"Granted."

And have the same, the position of the family to keep up. Then the rank of Lady Bentley—"

"Very true," replied John Bentley, musingly. "And yet I sometimes ask myself the advantage of marrying into a titled family have not been successful. Your mother, I added, "they have been dearly paid for."

Gilbert replied by a shrug of the shoulders.

"Your wife is anything but youthful," continued the speaker. "She has favorites the baggage from which I retrieved her. Property has made her short-sighted. She scarcely ever recognizes me in the park or at the opera."

"The children of youth," continued the husband, forcing a laugh. "You have no idea how thoughtless a creature she is."

"Possibly not," replied his parent, drily. "I've spoke plainly, Gilbert; I dislike such gilded flowers. I perceive, by-the-by, from the morning papers," continued the latter, "that you gave another ball on Thursday week."

"Yes; I believe so."

There was a pause, during which father and son regarded each other inquiringly.

"You spoke of the morning papers," continued the latter; "have you not received an invitation?"

"No."

"What thoughtlessness!"

"Is your young days," observed John Bentley, "we designated such conduct by another name—ingratitude."

"My dear sir!"

"Frederick is never thoughtless," continued his father. "I shall leave for Manchester in a week. I shall take with me a gentle to bless, and made him a partner."

The next morning's most affectionate note received from his daughter-in-law inviting John Bentley to her ball. He would, not experience, like most men who place themselves in a wrong position, the consequences of his want of judgment. The high-born relatives and connections of Lady Augusta acknowledged him with supercilious coldness, or else ignored his presence. The fashionable friends of his own family cut him. They, too, had heard the whisper that burns

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE AVELOCK.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O Monsters of the Avelock!
Ye who have sailed with me,
Each other plan and mighty road
I still sounded for the secret out,
With love, while all the great winds sang
Their wild, their solemn songs to me alone.
Where sailed for me the wave-way
Of night upon their royal home;
And still my interests stood their hopes
Largest as to the days of old
When, Everyday, and wind and wave
Was free with tales in chorus called:
Yet, Monsters of the Avelock!
I cannot bear to gaze on thee,
Though every plan and hope and road
Were known from my infancy
Like the old faces of my home.
For what was this striving from the vales
Of glorious towns and the stores
Still calling me to rejoice?

II.

O Monsters of the Avelock!
Ye who have sailed with me and fled:
They were but ghosts of my wishes,
They smoke with fantastic hand:
Beside them wishes bodied stand.
Above them eleric feet dance of years;
The phantom town—has not even one
Of answer through the gladdest day;
The phantom sea has forward eyes
The rainbows round but mockeries are,
And, wandering, upon the land
I still behold Eve's parental star
Where gentle Mary's mother lies,
Where gentle Mary would be laid,
And all the fair flora of Hell
Burned up to desolate the land!
Yet, Monsters of the Avelock,
Yet evermore in doubt go thou!
In shame and sorrow let each rest
Blind o'er thy appointed island!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 12.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

DOING A GOOD TURN FOR A BEAR.

On the second day from Fatbeck we made over twenty miles, and I considered that there could be no more danger from the Indians from Sandusky. This day had passed without the firing of a rifle—a thing which had not happened before for over a month—and when we came to prepare our supper we had no meat, and as I did not feel in a very pleasant mood. It did not seem right then we should have gone twenty-four hours without shooting something.

"It's no wonder to me," said Ben Gilroy.

"We've got a Jonah amongst us. If you'd just turned old Pike over in his chair of the Police club's we wouldn't have had any of this trouble."

"O, my jolly!" cried Flanders, rolling in the willow of his eyes, "if they'd gone an' got six Ben Gilroy, they'd 'a got just what they'd 'ave had. I tell yer, Mac's Colonel, Ben Gilroy's a runaway nigger; an' when they gets him, he gets a cockin' on him he turned pale. Dat's what makes him look so nigh white. O, Lord bress us! he's only a blanketed nigger—dat's all."

This turned the laugh upon Ben, who quickly lighted his pipe, and then began to berate the darkey in as free a style as I could.

"I wish," said Harry Rank, "that the Jew who sold me this pipe could have heard you call me a nigger."

"Don't worry about that old pipe," cried Albert.

"How can I help it," returned Harry, holding the flame under the tobacco, "when the light—"

Just then Albert's pole broke, and he fell with a heavy splash into the water, which was not more than waist deep.

"I'm all in now," he cried, as he struck out for the shore, "and I'll go and get a shot at the deer that's coming."

"I'll go too," said Sullivan, "for I'm afraid that Albert will be up to some of his tricks."

"I'll go with you," said Harry Rank, "that the deer who sold me this pipe could have heard you."

"Don't worry about that old pipe," cried Albert.

"How can I help it," returned Harry, holding the flame under the tobacco, "when the light—" But then silver dollars I paid for that treacherous piece of greasy clay. I only hope I may live to see the man that sold it to me once more."

"How'll ye sweep the old dickens?" asked Flanders, holding up the pipe he was just going to light.

"What ye got, Pike?"

"By gold, I reckon I've got a rag'lar merchantman. I bet's dat ar' ob ole Bob Noyes, dat use' to bind books in Pumkinsville. Jes' look at de ole sea-gull's gut it to his chin. Ha, yah,—it eats like a merchantman, for sartin, I tell ye."

But Harry had no desire to trade, and the darkey proceeded to light his pipe, after which he got as far from Bix as possible, that he might enjoy his smoke in peace.

It is not for me to defend the "filthy weed" from the thousand and one aspersions that at one time or another have been cast upon it by its enemies; but I cannot join them in their crusade, for I have derived too much comfort from the article. At the close of the long, tedious day, when worn with fatigue and care, I hail my pipe as the one friend who will not fail me. There is something in the incense that curls up from the creamy bowl, and all the harsh thoughts of the hour are softened and subdued. A thousand pleasing fancies are born of the circling cloud, and cheerful faces seem to peep forth from the aromatic mist, whispering notes of calmness and repose. O, the reformer of other man's lives, strike as mercilessly as you please at all the vices of habit, but leave me this one solace. Take my coat; take my blanket; but, if you would be a merciful, lay not your perfume hands upon my meerschaum. I will forego all of this, and remain rich fool; I will, if it please you, plunge my body into cold water, with the thermometer at zero, and then flay my skin with the coarsest of Russia crash,—I will do all this, and as much more, you will have me in peace with my pipe.

We were standing in silence, old Flanders having got beyond Ben's reach, when Harry proposed that Albert should sing a song.

"No, no," said Albert; "I cannot sing and smoke at the same time. I was not like Harry, I can think of something better. You were saying something this forenoon about such a bear that you once met. Give us the story."

"Are—the story?" cried Ben.

I also joined in the request, and pretty soon Harry consented to please us.

"Some years ago," he commenced, "I was close under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, in the employ of a government agent, engaged in surveying land, and also in laying out a military road. In addition to our crew of laborers there were two companies of United States infantry, under charge of Major Slocum, who remained with us. We had been engaged nearly two weeks in bending the road around a high knoll, and I had drawn my plans for it and some of the workmen—for I had a couple of days I should have nothing to do at engineering. The second morning was about thirty miles off, and as I imagined there might be better and purer there for me, I determined to go and get them. Major Slocum wished to send a few soldiers with me, as the old one was gone. I would have gone alone, so far as danger was concerned, but the major would not listen to me. He ordered an orderly sergeant, with a file of men, to accompany me, and I did not object. In the morning, before our horses had been saddled, the sergeant brought to me a list of the soldiers he wished me to procure for him. As Major Slocum's had, the settlement alluded to was a military depot, and he told me I should find them at the settlers there. Among the sergeant's men was one of eight ounces of concentrated fun.

"I've will be very useful of that sold," he said to me, as we were on the road together, "it is terrible stuff if you don't let him get loose. When put it in a string, and he you be very careful and not allow it to get broken."

"I knew the nature of this fiery sold well enough to take proper care of it; and I told him to be under no apprehensions. As for the quinine, morphine, tpecac, and so on, I would look out that they came safely.

"After breakfast we set off, promising ourselves a pleasant journey. The day was a beautiful one; Sullivan was an excellent companion; and the road was wild and charming. We carried our rifles along upon our backs, and good plenish we were sure of during the day we must come enough to have our dinners and suppers.

Towards night Sullivan complained of a pain in the back of his head. He said his head ached, and that he felt sick and dizzy. He complained that he had felt unwell in the morning, but he had supposed that exercise in the saddle would relieve him. We reached the settlement at Burnham's Bend just at dusk, and as soon as possible I got my companion into bed, and brought the post surgeon to see him. I found plenty of lotion and papers for our party, and passed the evening in overhauling the minutiæ which belonged to me. On the following morning I found poor Sullivan down with typhoid fever. There was no mistaking the symptoms; so I was forced to turn him over to the sick list of the post. During the day I did my errands; and when evening came again I packed up ready for an early start on the com-

ing morning; for as I was to return alone I was anxious to get through as soon as possible. I was able to be up early. I went to bed early, and got a good night's rest, and was ready to take breakfast with the surgeon. When he put up his medicine for me that he would have shipped sent out from the package, remarking that I had better carry it myself, as it was quite valuable. The flask containing it was a strong one, and so securely sealed that it could not leak; and I concluded that I would carry it in my pocket. I had received a glass flask in the same manner, and placed it in my pocket. I had received a glass flask in the same manner, and placed it in my pocket. I had received a glass flask in the same manner, and placed